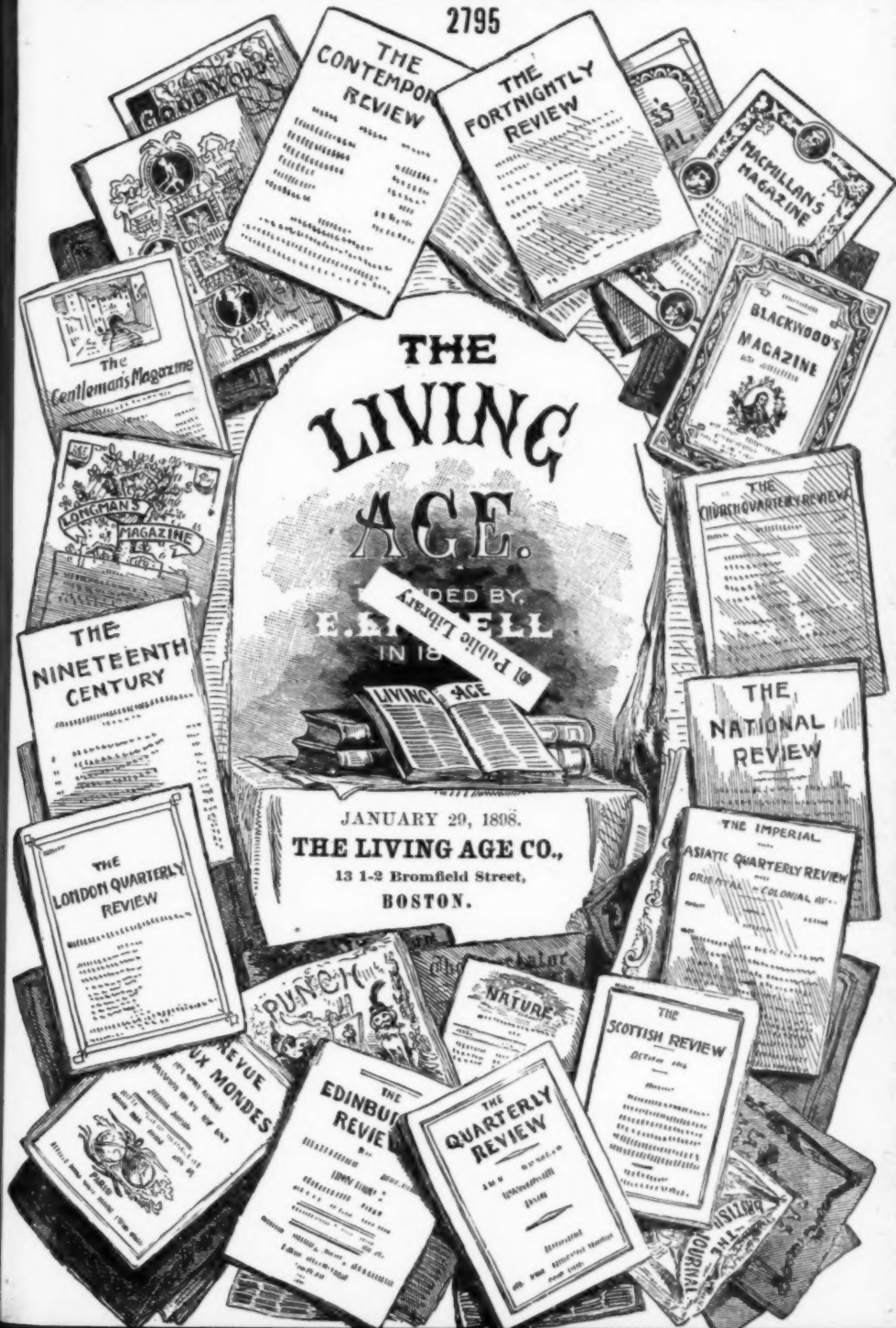


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LITTLE GIRLS.

Nobody knows but you and I,
Just you and I and not one more.
They all imagine I'm a child,
And look at me with a grown-up eye,
Just as they did before;
They none of them see that I never smiled
Or spoke as now I smile and speak:
Yet my very walk must show it!
—And none but you and I may know it,
Not for a whole long week.

None; yet do you, too, I wonder,
Feel that the birds know? The grass?
All the flowers? the blue
Above? and the bough we walk under?
Look well at the sweet silent things as we
pass.
That butterfly, he knew,—
And the goldfinch there, perched up so tall
On the thistle . . . To them we may show
it;
Yet nobody else in the world may know it
—Save God, for God knows all.

LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA.

HER LOOK.

Time may set his fingers there,
Fix the smiles that curve about
Her winsome mouth, and touch her hair,
Put the curves of youth to rout;
But the "something" God put there,
That which drew me to her first,
Not the imps of pain and care,
Not all sorrow's fiends accurst,
Can kill the look that God put there.

Something beautiful and rare,
Nothing common can destroy;
Not all the leaden load of care,
Not all the dross of earth's alloy;
Better than all fame or gold,
True as only God's own truth,
It is something all hearts hold
Who have loved once in their youth.

That sweet look her face doth hold
Thus will ever be to me;
Joy may all her pinions fold,
Care may come and misery;
Through the days of murk and shine,
Though the roads be foul or fair,
I will see through love's glad eyne
That sweet look that God put there.
Chambers's Journal. W. W. CAMPBELL.

A BALLAD OF PAST MERIDIAN.

I.

Last night returning from my twilight
walk
I met the grey mist Death, whose eye-
less brow
Was bent on me, and from his hand of
chalk
He reached me flowers as from a withered
bough:
O Death, what bitter nosegays givest
thou!

II.

Death said, I gather, and pursued his
way.
Another stood by me, a shape in stone,
Sword-hacked and iron-stained, with
breasts of clay,
And metal veins that sometimes fiery
shone:
O Life, how naked and how hard when
known!

III.

Life said, As thou hast carved me, such
am I.
Then memory, like the nightjar on the
pine,
And sightless hope, a woodlark in night
sky,
Joined notes of Death and Life till
night's decline.
Of Death, of Life, those inwound notes
are mine.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

AUTUMN SINGERS.

When woods are gold and hedges gay
With jewelled autumn's bright array,
And diamonds sprinkle every spray,
The robin sings
His soft, melodious well-a-day
For dying things.

Yet often when a riotous night
Has ruined half the wood's delight
There breaks a spring day, warm and
bright,
And the thrush sings
As though his April were in sight
Of quickening things.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON.

From The Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review.
BLACK AND WHITE "RIGHTS" IN
AFRICA.

The European "scramble for Africa," to which the Berlin Conference of thirteen years ago gave formal sanction and fresh vigor, has all along been attended by risks and scandals that have been none the less grave because there has been constant endeavor to ignore or conceal them. They are forcing themselves into prominence just now. Of the risks we have evidence in the West African difficulties which an Anglo-French Commission has been appointed to cope with in Paris, and which prompted the Marquis of Salisbury to declare at the last lord mayor's banquet that "Africa was created to be the plague of the Foreign Offices." Of the scandals conspicuous examples are furnished by recent proceedings in South Africa. Each and all are traceable, in part, to blunders in statesmanship which, on prudential if on no higher grounds, ought surely to be corrected as far as possible, and also to serve as warnings against similar, or even worse, mistakes in the future. That, at any rate, is an opinion in support of which I offer the following remarks.

Let us first look at the conditions of the problem for which the diplomats are at present trying to find a pacific solution in Paris, as an alternative to the rough and ready, and ever more and more perilous, course that, in Africa itself, French and English—with Germans and others to look on and take part in the scramble—have been pursuing for many years.

The immediate ground of dispute or argument is alleged to be the portion of the Niger districts as regards which rival pretensions of ownership are made on account of rival treaties said to have been negotiated with native chiefs. But there can be no doubt that a much larger area is involved in the controversy. It extends to the district watered by the Nile near its source, and includes more than the whole vast stretch of country between these two districts. While the Berlin Conference

was sitting, General Gordon's death at Khartum, in January, 1885, put a check on Egyptian claims, backed by Great Britain, to mastery over the Eastern Sudan. Those claims were never abandoned, however, and they are now being enforced, with apparent success, more than ever, under British influence and control. No fictions of statecraft can conceal the fact that Egypt, with all the territory of which its khedive has actual or visionary hold, is really an appurtenance of Great Britain for so long as the British government chooses or is allowed to retain the power it has acquired in Cairo. Meanwhile, the enormous protectorate or "sphere of influence" of British East Africa has been marked out on the map as bounded on the north by German East Africa and on the west by French Ubangi and the Congo Free State; which latter, though it is to some extent in partnership with us in our crusade against the Mahdists, is expected by many to become French property before long. Almost the principal business done by the Berlin Conference was the sanctioning of the Congo State, with nearly a million square miles of territory assigned to it, and the simplifying, as it was thought, of arrangements for the European occupation of other territories. As outcomes or concomitants of the Conference's work, even Portuguese pretensions, if contracted, have been strengthened, and German ambitions have had great developments; but the most solid gains have been made territorially and politically by France, and commercially by Great Britain. Three of our four West African colonies, hitherto quite small, have been much enlarged, and, with the districts assigned to our Niger Coast Protectorate, nominally cover an area of more than half a million square miles, British East Africa being of nearly equal dimensions. French West and Central Africa is now at least twice as extensive as either, and, with Algeria and Tunis and the Sahara wastes that intervene, makes up a total of about three million square miles. The ultimate if not the speedy effect of the

Paris negotiations, in the unlikely event of their having any important and lasting result at all, will be a systematizing, more or less, of the methods by which France and Great Britain, claiming between them African territories much larger than the entire continent of Europe, shall be free to carry out their processes of "effective occupation" in their several spheres. By what right, if they do it, will they do this?

The old plan of seizing the territories of other people, even of African savages, without any excuse, has gone out of fashion nowadays—in theory, at any rate. Some sort of excuse is generally provided, either as a preliminary hypocrisy or as a convenient afterthought. The commonest excuse, the one which satisfied the Berlin Conference with its talk about "improving the moral and material conditions of life among native populations," and which was echoed by the Brussels Conference of 1889 when it undertook to secure for the people of Africa "the blessings of peace and civilization," is that it is solely or chiefly for their own good that the natives are encroached upon and subdued by force unless they voluntarily accept the rule offered to them by white men.

Even that excuse by itself, however, is not generally considered sufficient. It is, in the most approved instances, accompanied or preceded by treaty-making. A native chief, or some one who is assumed by the enterprising white agent who visits him to be competent to dispose of his own and his people's rights, is coaxed or bullied into making a treaty. The black party to the contract may not have understood what he was signing, or putting his mark to. If he did, he may have had no authority for his action. But so soon as the document called a treaty has been procured by the white agent, it is regarded as sacred by his employers—sacred, that is, in so far as its terms can be construed into affording them any warrant for interfering with the natives held responsible for it, though no more heed than is convenient is paid to any provisions in it for safe-

guarding the natives' interests. So long as it furnishes a pretext for interference, that is enough. If the natives resent the interference, they are promptly punished. Punishment means death to a great many of them, and oppression of the survivors. But the treaty has answered its purpose. It has provided an excuse for the appropriation of territory which was aimed at from the first. The "strict principles of right" by which, as Lord Salisbury said at the Guildhall banquet, "we desire to be governed" has been adhered to: there have not been, to borrow his words, "any unjust or illegitimate achievements" in the white man's over-awing of the blacks. The black men are declared to have forfeited their rights to their property, if it is conceded that they ever had any. All that remains for the white men to do is to see that their own "plain rights," the "rights" they have acquired in the way just indicated or in worse ways, are not "overridden" by other white men.

African treaty-making is not altogether an institution of to-day. It was the principal agency by which our colonies and protectorates were either founded or slowly developed both in West and in South Africa in former days, and in most cases it was more honest and had more honest issues in former days than of late. But its present development is of quite modern growth. Mr. H. M. Stanley boasts that, after his year's wanderings in 1879 as the pioneer of the Congo Free State, he brought back "four hundred and fifty treaties" to serve as the basis for the foundation of that State. The Royal Niger Company takes credit for nearly as many.

The so-called treaties with the Congolese chiefs, worthless in other respects, served their purpose in inducing the European powers represented at the Berlin Congress to recognize King Leopold's claim to sovereignty in the Congo State, and since then King Leopold's officers have assumed absolute control over all the natives whom they could frighten into obedience.

The Royal Niger Company went to

work more leisurely. Limiting its operations almost entirely, for some time, to the districts within easy reach of the coast, inhabited by weak and disorganized tribes of pagan savages whom it easily compelled to supply it with the palm-oil and other local produce for which there was a demand in civilized markets, it was slow in making use of the "treaties" negotiated for it by the late Joseph Thompson with the powerful sultans of Sokoto and Gandu and other Mohammedan chiefs in 1885, and by other agents with other rulers in subsequent years. Even after Mr. Wallace and Captain (now Major) Lugard had in 1894 substituted for some of those flimsy documents fresh documents as flimsy, little or nothing was immediately done to enforce the "rights" supposed to have been thus doubly secured against the competition of French and German adventurers. It was taken for granted, and with some reason, if the Anglo-French Agreement of 1890 was meant to bind its signatories, that the paper concessions acquired by the Company could safely be pigeon-holed until it was ready to take advantage of them, and that no more than formal protest against encroachments, threatened or even started, was necessary to uphold the assumed rights. The French, however, take a different view of the position. They urge that treaty-making by itself does not constitute "effective occupation," and they say that, as regards certain districts at any rate, they can produce treaties more valid than those on which the Niger Company bases its claim. It was partly to meet this contention of the French on their own ground, doubtless, though other motives were also pressing, that the Company made its dash at Bida last January; and the French advance to Bussa and Nikki, which the Company has regarded as its property in reserve since 1890, was evidently induced thereby.

Hence a dispute that is now grave. It will be well, so far as France and Great Britain are concerned, if the commissioners who are parleying in Paris

can arrive at an amicable settlement of the dispute, and it will be better still if their deliberations can lead to friendly arrangements as to the other and certainly not less serious difficulties that have been set up and are growing as regards territories much farther east. Upon the merits and demerits of these controversies, as between the two European rivals, however, I offer no opinion here. My aim, in referring to them, is to call attention to the immorality of any compact they may arrive at, if their diverse interests allow of any compact being arrived at, for the seizure of territory which does not belong to them and for the assumption of authority over millions of people who owe them no obedience.

Joseph Thompson, one of the most humane and fair-minded of our African travellers and empire-builders, spoke scornfully, in his "Mungo Park and the Niger," about his French precursors in the region that he visited in 1884 on behalf of the Royal Niger Company. "With patient foresight," he says of the projects started from Senegal more than a generation ago, "they began to send explorers along the line of proposed conquest, carrying with them ready-made treaties, French flags, and blank maps." And his account of Captain Gallieni's mission to the Upper Niger in 1880, "at the head of a small army of drilled troops, with a considerable train of donkeys, native drivers, native servants, etc.," is typical. Minor potentates having been frightened or deceived on the way, Gallieni at length went to Sego, there "to see the suzerain of the Upper Niger chiefs and kings, and conclude a treaty with him." "On his arrival in the neighborhood of the capital he was stopped, and ordered to remain where he was, till his business was settled. Many weary weeks and months were passed in the attempt to get Amadu, the sultan of Sego, to sign a treaty placing his country under a French protectorate. In the end the necessary signature was obtained, and from that moment French rule—on paper—was supreme from the sources of the Niger to Timbuktu." Since then

the replacing of paper rule by something more effective has gone on rapidly and ruthlessly. This same Amadu or his successor, best known to English readers as Samory, has been hunted south and east, and has repeatedly appealed in vain to the British government for protection from his French "protectors." In driving out of our Sierra Leone Hinterland some of his subjects, the Sofas, who had taken refuge there, an English force under Captain E. A. W. Lendy came into collision with a French force in December, 1893, and "the Waima incident," as it was called, might probably have led to a European war had it not been explained that each force had mistaken the other for their common foe, the luckless Sofas. It was with some of Samory's people, again, driven further east, that another English expedition was in awkward contact a few months ago in our Gold Coast hinterland, where trouble is still brewing.

"Ready-made treaties, flags and blank maps" are as freely used by British as by French aggressors. Samples of the former are plentiful, and may be studied with advantage in Sir Edward Hertslet's "Map of Africa by Treaty." They are slightly varied in their terms, to meet special exigencies, and blanks, to be filled in with the particular names and localities in each case, are left in the printed forms of which the enterprising treaty-makers have an ample supply when they set out on their missions. They are the orthodox preliminaries to appropriation of territories, whether by such crown officials as the governors of Lagos and the Gold Coast or by the Royal Niger Company. All are so devised as to render the native ruler responsible for concessions and surrenders much larger than are understood or contemplated by him. Thinking that no more than gracious protection and generous assistance is offered to him and to his people, the promise of which is emphasized by a paltry present or a paltry pension, he and they discover sooner or later that they have been beguiled or betrayed and they are at the mercy of the usurpers.

As Nikki, the capital of the extensive Borgu dominion, of which Bussa is a branch, is now a centre of diplomatic interest, the treaty negotiated by Major Lugard, in November, 1894, with Lafia, "King of Nikki and all the Borgu country," may be cited as a specimen of all such treaties. In this document Lafia is made to say, or, rather, he "being blind, and also having a superstitious dread of personally meeting any European," it is said for him by three of his officers: "With a view of bettering the condition of my country and people, I hereby give to the Company and their assigns, forever, full criminal and civil jurisdiction of every kind *over all foreigners in my country*, including the rights of protection and taxation, and I pledge myself and my successors not to exercise any jurisdiction whatever *over such foreigners* without the sanction of the Company. I bind myself not to have any intercourse, as representing my tribe or state, or tribal or state affairs, with any foreigner or foreign government other than the Company; but this provision shall not be interpreted as authorizing any monopoly of trade, direct or indirect, by the Company or others, nor any restriction of private or commercial intercourse with any person or persons—subject, however, to such administrative measures as may be taken by the Company, as a government, *in the interests of order or commerce*. . . . I accept the protection of the British flag; but I understand that such protection against the attacks of neighboring aggressive tribes can only be afforded as far as practicable. I give to the Company and their assigns, forever, the sole right to mine or dispose of mining rights in any portion of my territory." "In consideration of the foregoing," it is added, "the Company bind themselves not to interfere with any of the native laws and customs of the country, *consistently with the maintenance of order and good government and the progress of civilization*." As the claims of the king of Nikki or Borgu to sovereign rights over Bussa and other places are debatable, the Royal Niger Company

has similar treaties with the emirs and chiefs of Bussa and some, if not all, of the other places supposed to be within the Nikki or Borgu dominion.

It will be noticed that by these treaties the native rulers, in return for "protection" from foreign (that is, from non-African) intruders, and for any protection from African intruders that the Company may find "practicable," assign to it no more than a mining monopoly, trading rights which are not to be converted into a monopoly of trade, and jurisdiction, including power of taxation and protection, over any foreigners who may thus be brought into the country, but no right of interference with its natives except—and this is an important and most disingenuous exception—in so far as interference may be thought consistent with "the maintenance of order and good government and the progress of civilization." The treaties set up no standard of order, good government and the essentials of civilization. No standard—to take the case of Nikki—could possibly have been agreed upon between King Lafia, or the officers deputed to act for him in his blindness and superstitious dread of Europeans, and Major Lugard. No attempt having been made to set one up, the Royal Niger Company, of course, considers itself free, in this part of the Niger district as elsewhere, to adopt any views and any measures it finds convenient as regards "the maintenance of order and good government and the progress of civilization" among the pseudo-Mohammedan and more than semi-barbarous people of Nikki. Unless the Paris Commission settles amicably the dispute between France and Great Britain as to their alleged territorial rights over King Lafia's country, or unless the question is settled more roughly by contest between French and British forces on the spot, and unless, in either alternative, the Royal Niger Company has to abandon its claims, it will consider itself competent, and by the course of events may be impelled, to put such an interpretation on its treaty of 1894 and the accompanying treaties

as will lead to "effective occupation" of the territory in question, to gradual, if not immediate, overthrow of all native institutions and to more or less tyrannical subjection of all the Borgu communities to its own methods of enforcing order and good government and of advancing civilization.

It is by such proceedings that the Royal Niger Company has achieved most of the successes it can now boast of. The avowed objects of its skilfully conducted expeditions a year ago to Bida, the capital of Nupe, and to Ilorin were, according to its chairman, Sir George Goldie, "to put an end to slave-raiding in the territories lying to the south-west of the Niger, and to satisfy the government of Lagos by obtaining adequate guarantees from the Emir of Ilorin against renewed frontier troubles." But other motives, not concealed and of at least equal weight, were the forcing of the chiefs and their people to trade with the Company on terms prescribed by it, and the forestalling of French designs in the same quarters. Their only excuse, unless we regard the pretence of philanthropy as one, was the failure of the Emirs of Nupe and Ilorin to put on the old trade and "protection" treaties with them the construction favored by the Company. As their result, after great slaughter of natives, the defeated Emir of Nupe was deposed and a fresh one installed at Bida who, in a new treaty which he was ordered to sign, "recognizes that all Nupe is entirely under the power of the Company and under the British flag;" also a new emir was found for Ilorin who placed himself and his people "entirely under the protection and power of the Company," and pledged himself "to obey all such directions in respect of his government as the Company may give him from time to time."

This was the first important movement of the Company in the interior of the district assigned to it by its charter; but for eighteen years it, or the United African Company of which it was a development, had been taking advantage of the treaties entered into with the smaller and more barbarous

tribes between Lokoja and the native coast. These treaties had accorded to the European adventurers nothing but trading privileges. Till 1884 there was no thought of territorial aggrandizement or of "civilizing" the nations by any worthier methods than an unlimited supply of cheap gin and rum, guns and gunpowder, in exchange for local produce. By proclaiming a British protectorate over the Niger delta in 1884, without consulting its native occupants and owners, the British government converted these trade-treaties into instruments of oppression which have been mercilessly enforced, both by the Royal Niger Company and by the officials of the Niger Coast Protectorate that was reconstituted in 1891, whenever and however the interests of "civilization," as understood by enterprising traders, might dictate.

It was officially urged the other day as a merit in the Royal Niger Company that it has each year been engaged in, on an average, about a dozen "little wars," concerning which the English public has heard next to nothing. Information on the subject does, however, occasionally ooze out, and it is painful reading. The "Brass disturbances" of 1895, for instance, brought on the Brass disturbers terrible retribution, although, as Sir Claude MacDonald, then administrator of the Niger Coast Protectorate, testified, "the markets which the natives of Brass formerly visited lying now within the territories of the Royal Niger Company, they (the natives) are deprived of a means of subsistence, and are, therefore, perhaps not unnaturally, discontented and somewhat troublesome." For showing discontent and causing trouble, in ways perhaps not unnatural to "sniped," starved and defrauded savages, the Brass people were mowed down by Maxim guns and other "resources of civilization," with inhumanity at least equal to theirs, the greater offence of which was in proportion to the difference between these persecuted barbarians and their "enlightened" persecutors.

The Royal Niger Company is not re-

sponsible for all the "little wars" in West Africa, entered upon professedly for the spread of so-called civilization, but really in the interests of trade. Several are due to the direct action of crown officials in the Niger Coast Protectorate, the latest of which we know at present being the vengeance wrought on the people of Benin last January for their massacre or uninvited and unwelcome English visitors a few weeks before. More extensive, if not more numerous, have been the operations conducted from Lagos and the Gold Coast, even from Freetown in Sierra Leone and Bathurst on the Gambia, with the primary object of compelling the natives of the interior to meet the requirements of English traders, and the secondary object of, to some extent, checking the encroachments of French adventurers further inland, all of them leading up to the larger and more comprehensive enterprise that is now in progress.

Of like purpose are the bold and persistent efforts that have been made since 1888 to establish in Uganda a centre of civilizing influence on the eastern side of Central Africa and to connect it with the Zanzibar neighborhood by railway and other communications; also the recent advances into the Eastern Sudan.

Few Englishmen will deny that, if "the scramble for Africa" is to continue until the whole of it has been parcelled out, with "effective occupation," among the several competing European powers, there are patriotic, and perhaps also philanthropic, grounds for desiring that England's share shall be as considerable and as valuable as it can be. Fewer still will doubt that there would be immense advantage, if it could be honestly and truly done, in rescuing myriads of people scattered over vast portions of Africa from the squalor and degradation, the base superstitions and the cruel customs, the human sacrifices, the cannibalism, the slave-raiding and many other abominations, that now afflict them. But how much reality is there, and how much pretence, in the philanthropic professions offered as

excuse or justification for all this European raiding in Africa? And even if the ends aimed at are good, is there warrant for the means by which it is proposed to attain them? It is a Christian maxim that we may not do evil in order that good may come of it. The practice of modern Christians—in Africa, at any rate, too often—is, when doing evil recklessly, to find hypocritical warrant for it in a vague and very questionable assumption that the result will be beneficial to the white intruders and usurpers, if not to the blacks who are intruded upon and whose rights are ignored.

"You cannot have omelettes without breaking eggs," said Mr. Chamberlain at a Colonial Institute banquet last March. "You cannot destroy the practices of barbarism, of slavery, of superstition, which for centuries have desolated the interior of Africa, without the use of force." He admitted, in the same speech, that "our rule over these territories can only be justified if we can show that it adds to the happiness and prosperity of the people." But the evidence that he acknowledged to be necessary to justify British appropriation of African territories was not adduced by him; and in the opinion of many, if not of Mr. Chamberlain himself, it may be enough that acceptable African omelettes for white men's consumption be made without regard for the black men who are the eggs broken in the process.

In the scramble for the large portion of Africa with which the Berlin Conference concerned itself, France and Germany, as well as Great Britain and at least one other European power, have been active for over a dozen years, and it is held by many that our nation was bound, in self-defence, to keep pace with its rivals. In South Africa the conditions have been somewhat different. Foreign rivalry has had little to do in forcing on British encroachments there. By sound statesmanship and fair treatment of the natives Great Britain could, long before 1884, have acquired honorable supremacy over a much larger area south of the Zambesi

than it now rules. As far back as 1836 Moselekatse, the father of Lobengula, made a treaty of friendship with the governor of Cape Colony which, at any rate, brought him and his people within the British sphere of influence, and in according protection to the Bechuana in 1884 the British government only tardily and inadequately yielded to their earnest appeals. That our subsequent dealings, both with the Bechuana and with the Matabele, have been, for the most part, betrayals of their trust in us, may be shown by a brief review of the facts.

In February, 1888, the British government entered into a treaty of "peace and amity forever" with Lobengula, renewing the treaty of 1836 with his father, and only stipulating that he should not cede to any other power any part of the country over which his sovereignty was recognized. In October, 1888, three speculators, Messrs. Rudd, Maguire, and Thompson, purchased from him mining rights throughout his "kingdoms, principalities, and dominions," which rights they afterwards disposed of to the promoters of the British South Africa Company. In October, 1889, this Company received its Royal Charter, empowering it to carry into effect "the Rudd concession," as it is styled, and to acquire further concessions, "with the view of promoting trade, commerce, civilization, and good government in the territories which are or may be comprised or referred to in such concessions." In November, 1889, a message was sent to Lobengula by Lord Knutsford, assuring him, in the queen's name, that the concessionaries were "men who will fulfil their undertakings, and who may be trusted to carry out the working for gold in the chief's country without molesting his people, or in any way interfering with their kraals, gardens, or cattle," and advising him to assign to Dr. Jameson "the duty of deciding disputes and keeping the peace among white persons in his country," but offering no suggestion as regards European control over black persons. "Of course," it was added, "this must be as Lobengula

likes, as he is king of the country, and no one can exercise jurisdiction in it without his permission."

Thus induced, Lobengula allowed Dr. Jameson and his followers to enter the southern and eastern portions of his country, in what is now known as the province of Mashonaland, to establish there forts and townships, to peg out mining-claims and farms, and to tyrannize over as many of the Mashona as they had use for as bondsmen. It was not till July, 1893, that Dr. Jameson and the others deemed it expedient to force on a quarrel with Lobengula, nor till the following October that, the British government being misled, they obtained its permission to make war upon him. But the raid then began, and, though Lobengula was not hunted to death till some weeks later, his forces were defeated, and Bulawayo was destroyed, in time for Dr. Jameson, by proclamation on Christmas Day, 1893, to assume possession of the whole of Matabeleland on behalf of the triumphant company. That desecration of the day on which Christians celebrate the heralding of "peace on earth and good will among men" concluded the first stage in the progress of "a story of crime," and marked the beginning of a second.

The bait by which Dr. Jameson attracted his little army of filibusters to engage in the conquest was a promise to each volunteer of a large plot of land for farming purposes, twenty gold claims, and an equal share with the other volunteers in all the cattle "taken." This "annexing" of cattle was from the start quite as important a part of the "military operations" as the shooting down of unarmed or ill-armed natives. An estimated total of some two hundred thousand head of cattle in the possession of the Matabele in 1893 was reduced by, at least, a fourth through incidental and uncontrolled "looting" before the war was over. After that the volunteers claimed another fifty thousand as their share of the spoil, but were induced by the Company to be satisfied with thirty thousand. Of the rest the Company

seized and branded as many as possible for itself, but, under strong pressure from the Colonial Office, consented to restore to the natives "sufficient for their needs," and this was done after nearly two years' delay—shortly before the rinderpest broke out and deprived the people of almost all the forty thousand and nine hundred allotted to them. Roughly speaking, the Company and its followers appropriated and divided among themselves four-fifths of the natives' cattle, and allowed the owners to retain only one-fifth.

Against these and other lawless proceedings the British government protested vigorously, over and over again; but the Chartered Company was too clever for it. As the result of prolonged correspondence, a "Memorandum of Settlement" was drawn up and signed in May, 1894, providing for equitable treatment of natives, and especially for the appointment of a Land Commission to secure for them "land sufficient and suitable for their agricultural and grazing requirements, and cattle sufficient for their needs." How the cattle question was settled has been noted. The Land Commission did not meet till September, when it marked out on the map two large blocks of land as "native reserves." No attempt, however, was made to locate the natives in these "reserves," inadequate and unsuitable in themselves. The Company and the settlers whom it was coaxing into the country found it more convenient that the natives should be left to squat about and be available for any service required from them by the white intruders. Thus arose the labor question, which only began to be a labor difficulty about the middle of 1895. For a year and a half the newcomers did little more than look around, prospect for mines, peg out claims, and so forth, and had no difficulty in obtaining as much voluntary labor as they had need of. As soon as the demand exceeded the supply they called on the company to provide them with forced labor, and this was done. It is on official record that in the second half of 1895 the Company procured for the

mine-owners and others over nine thousand compulsory drudges, in addition to some four thousand five hundred who had "gone voluntarily to work." Thus a system of practical slavery was introduced, which was only one of the causes, but probably the chief cause, of the "rebellion" that broke out in March, 1896.

The story of the "rebellion" and its suppression is too well known to need repeating. The apologists for the Chartered Company boast that last year at least eight thousand natives were killed off by Maxim guns, dynamite, destruction of grain causing wide-spread starvation, and other "resources of civilization," in addition to some four thousand shot down or starved out in the campaign of 1893. In the end, or as a step towards the end, a peace was patched up with the cowed, but still turbulent, Matabele chiefs, to whom small pensions and sham dignities were granted on condition of their helping the authorities to secure as much forced labor as might in future be asked for by the Company and its customers.

That is the present arrangement. Near the close of the last session of Parliament, Mr. Chamberlain promised, in effect, that at the opening of the next session he would be ready with a scheme for the future administration of Rhodesia which would satisfy philanthropists as well as capitalists, the requirements of justice as well as expediency, the honor of the British nation as well as the interests of speculators. Such a scheme may yet be forthcoming. Meanwhile the course of events points to the solidification and expansion—under such restraints as, if it troubles itself to do anything, Downing Street may impose and enforce—of a chartered syndicate of shareholders who have already shown how skilfully, or how clumsily, they can cope not only with Lobengula and the Matabele, but also with the British government and its officials in South Africa.

Here, surely, we have a sufficiently striking instance of injustice done by, or on behalf, and with the sanction, of, a nation professing to be civilized and

Christian towards people looked down upon as savages and heathen. But there is, perhaps, an even more glaring instance in the treatment of the Bechuana.

Bechuanaland comprises several kindred, but more or less distinct, communities, occupying the central portion of South Africa, between the Orange River and the Zambesi, bounded on the one side by the Transvaal and on the other by German South West Africa. To save themselves from the encroachments of Boer and other intruders these communities sought British protection. The district in the south was organized as the crown colony of British Bechuanaland in 1885, while the larger area in the north, with Khama for its most influential chief, continued to be only a vaguely defined protectorate. With all the Bechuana, however, engagements were entered into, which ought to have been kept, but which have not been kept.

In the case of Khama and his neighbors in the north, the injury done was much less than was proposed, and more in intention than in fact. The founders of the British South Africa Company contrived to get the whole territory north of British Bechuanaland placed under their control by the charter of 1889, without the sanction or even the knowledge of its rightful owners. Fortunately for these latter, the Company was too busy elsewhere to claim the property wrongfully bestowed upon it until 1895, and then Khama and the two other chiefs who visited England for the purpose, and who had many friends to plead their cause, induced Mr. Chamberlain to substantially upset the arrangement which had been made in 1889. By a new arrangement, in accordance with which they surrendered a strip of land broad enough for the railway to Bulawayo then in contemplation, their right to the rest of the country was upheld.

Far worse has been the case of the natives in British Bechuanaland. They have been treated all the more unjustly, it would seem, because a measure of justice was shown to their northern

kinsmen. Concurrent with the Chartered Company's proposal to absorb the Bechuanaland Protectorate was a demand from the Cape government that British Bechuanaland should be handed over to it, that is, that instead of being a crown colony it should become a province of Cape Colony. These two projects were closely allied, Mr. Cecil Rhodes being at that time both managing director of the company and Cape premier, with carefully laid plans on foot for a very comprehensive "northern development," including the control of the Transvaal as well as the appropriation of all Bechuanaland. The Jameson Raid failed. Mr. Rhodes was not allowed to tyrannize over Khama. But he had his way—or, at any rate, his successors are having their way—in British Bechuanaland.

As soon as this district was made a crown colony in 1885 a Land Commission was appointed to mark off sufficient and suitable lands to be secured for the exclusive use of the natives, in which they might practically live their own lives in their own ways without contact with the white settlers outside, unless they chose to go among them, to work for them or to trade with them. The arrangement was fairly equitable and it worked fairly well through more than ten years, as did the other provisions made in the interests of the natives by the crown officials. When, early in 1895, the natives heard of their threatened transfer to Cape rule, they eloquently and pathetically appealed against it to "their great mother, the queen." "We know," they said, "that, if this country is annexed to the Cape Colony, instead of being prosperous we shall be ruined, instead of being justly and fairly treated we shall be unfairly treated. . . . Why are you tired of ruling us? Why do you want to throw us away?"

Mr. Chamberlain so far listened to these appeals that he required from Mr. Rhodes that there should be no meddling by the Cape government with native institutions, and especially that "all native reserves shall be and remain inalienable, save with the consent of

her Majesty's principal secretary of state for the colonies." On these conditions, after some months' delay, he allowed the transfer, and a proclamation giving effect to it was issued in November, 1895.

Scarcely more than a year elapsed before the forebodings of the luckless Bechuana began to be realized. A paltry dispute between a few natives and a white farmer, in December, 1896, which a capable magistrate could have adjusted in an hour, was made the pretext for a cry of rebellion. Volunteers were sent up by hundreds, first from Kimberley and afterwards from Cape Town, to shoot down the so-called "rebels," to burn their kraals, to take their cattle, to destroy their grain, and to drive the starving warriors into the desolate mountainous region known as the Langeberg. "One day's fighting will satisfy the rebels," wrote a typical warrior, "and then it will be a nigger hunt for two or three weeks till we have driven them from the country." The "nigger-hunt" lasted six or seven months; thousands were shot down, women and children as well as armed and unarmed men, before the famished and heart-broken residue surrendered to their ruthless persecutors.

Why, it will be asked, was this wickedness done? Not solely for sport. Let the editor of the *Cape Times*, on most occasions the champion and panegyrist of the Cape government, explain the business-like view of the situation. In an article entitled "Naboth's Vineyard," published on 1st June, he wrote, "We whites want the black man's land, just as we did when we first came to Africa. But we have the decency, in these conscience-ridden days, not to take it without a fair excuse. A native rising, especially where there are inaccessible caves for the rebels to retire into, is a very tiresome and expensive affair; but it has its compensation, for it provides just the excuse wanted." Accordingly a Bechuanaland Native Reserves Bill, "to appropriate lands contained in certain native reserves, the previous occupants of which had gone into rebellion," was introduced into the Cape Parlia-

ment. It was passed on 10th June, and received the royal assent. Mr. Chamberlain had, in anticipation of this event, been reminded by the Aborigines Protection Society in March, and again in April, of his stipulation a year and a half before that the Bechuana reserves should be "inalienable," and urged to exercise his power to withhold the royal assent; but he declined to interfere. The Colonial Office, therefore, shares, to some extent, with the Sprigg Ministry the responsibility for an act of legislative injustice.

Nor is that all. In August the Cape government found itself in possession, after much bloodshed, not only of the natives' lands, for the seizure of which, according to the *Cape Times*, a "fair excuse" had been devised, but also of between three and four thousand "surrendered Bechuana rebels." These, including old women and young, and children of all ages, as well as unarmed men, it deported as soon as convenient to Cape Town, there to be "indentured" for five years to Cape farmers and others, and what the *Cape Times*—again to cite that Rhodesian organ—calls "our slave-mart" was opened on 31st August. There can be no denying that, practically if not technically, this is a revival in a British colony of the slavery which was forbidden, and supposed to have been abolished forever throughout the British dominions, by the Emancipation Act of 1834. There are grounds for hoping that it will not be allowed to continue. Strong efforts are being made to prove the illegality of the Cape government's proceedings and to induce the British government to assert the authority of the crown, in the interests of justice and humanity, even over a "self-governing colony." Some good may thus be done in rescuing a few thousands of our surviving Bechuana fellow-subjects from the persecution to which they are being subjected, and in helping many other thousands by the warning it will give to wrong-doers, though the good that can be done may, at best, be slight. The evil that still will remain to be overcome is stupendous.

It is conjectured that there are nearly two hundred millions of Africans in Africa. Over more than fifty of these millions occupying about a third of the whole continent, Great Britain claims to have some sort of authority, for the most part doubtfully acquired and often unjustly exercised. Admitting that we can, and should, do much to extend to these fellow-creatures "the blessings of peace and civilization," and that to this end there may be an advantage in inviting and enabling them to become fellow-subjects, is it not high time for us to fully and faithfully recognize, in theory as well as in practice, that they, as well as we, have absolutely the same "rights"?

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

Translated for The Living Age.
A SIMPLE STORY.

PART I.

As Mr. Polanski was crossing the court of his château, he met the steady gaze of Joseph Blazec, who with wan face stood before him, his chin resting in one hand and with the other supporting his elbow—an attitude common among the slave peasantry.

"What hast thou to say to me Blazec?"

"I have come to see you, sir, to ask your advice," said the man, looking around furtively.

"My good Blazec, thou canst speak boldly, no one is listening."

"You see it is about my son, sir, my son Franek." The voice of the *Gospodarz*¹ became indistinct as if suppressing a sob.

"Franek? well, what of him? Is he not better?"

"He died at dawn, this morning, sir," replied the peasant, with quivering nostrils. "Such a good worker as he was; many a field of clover he has cut for you; his scythe was never idle in his hands. But it is God's will that the typhus should take him. All is now

¹ Small landed proprietor.

over. He had not even taken all the wine madame sent to him."

"Yes, yes, it is indeed a great misfortune to lose such a fine fellow," said Mr. Polanski.

"It is the will of the Lord, sir, and I must bear it; what troubles me most is the burial."

"Thou art right. Hast thou been to the priest?"

"Most certainly I have been there, but our priest is afraid to bury him; he says he cannot; he has received a paper from the authorities; they might send him to Siberia, it seems! 'Bring me a permit from the Chief of Police of the District!' said he, 'and we will see about it!'"

"He told thee that? Then my poor Blazec we can do nothing about it. Thou knowest that the priest is powerless to help thee. They can send him to the other end of the world, and put in his place some cursed soul of a Muscovite. No, he can do nothing."

"And you advise me to see the District Chief of Police, sir?"

"Hm! Make the effort—it is difficult to give thee good advice. In such a case no one can help thee."

Blazec continued: "I said to my wife, 'We will bury the boy ourselves, by night, so that no one may know it; he will then rest with his people. What if he is not sprinkled with holy water by the priest? The good God will receive him all the same into His Glory, if he is worthy!' But when my wife heard me she started as if scalding water had been poured over her, and stopped her ears."

"Does our boy deserve such ignominy?" she cried, 'no bells to toll after his death, no candles to burn about his coffin? Is he not thy son? And thou wouldst hide him in the ground like a dog!' And she wept as if her heart would break."

Mr. Polanski sighed, looking an instant with pity at the man.

"Ah! Times have sadly changed these years, my good Blazec, but what can we do! One cannot butt his head through the wall! God sends us sore trials."

"That dog of a registrar has done it all," said the *Gospodarz*, a fire of hate in his eyes. "He has connived with the pope,¹ and their sole object is to bring misfortune upon honest people. The knaves! Have I any doubts as to my grandfather's baptism in our church? I well remember seeing him buried in our Catholic cemetery. My God! What is the world coming to!"

He took Mr. Polanski's hand, kissed it respectfully; then with anxious countenance and slow steps went to his home.

The anguish of his heart increased the nearer he drew to the hut where lay the body of his son. He remembered that scarcely two weeks ago Franek was galloping towards the village fountain, singing gaily, the echo of his voice ringing through the street of the commune.

"And to think," said he to himself, "that he never had any time in his life for pleasure! He was always working for others—so gentle was his nature—going where he was told to go, doing what he was told to do, with a perfect passion for work."

Or he recalled him at evening, bending over a book, by the flickering light of a small lamp, trying to read, and laboriously spelling out the syllables, one by one, with his clear, youthful voice. He had such a thirst for learning. "Alas! Why does God so cruelly afflict His children."

Blazec entered the stable where stood two little horses such as are used by the Russian peasants. He leaned his head against the side of the stall and burst into sobs. All day in the presence of his wife and children he had tried to appear calm. "Should a man yield to tears like an old woman!" But here, alone with these dumb animals, his heart overflowed.

He gazed, his eyes half blinded with tears, at the horses. How carefully Franek had tended them! He forgot himself for them, often going without sleep and food, that their mangers might not be empty, that there should always be something for them to eat,

¹ Priest of the Greek Church.

if only a handful of hay. Already they had a famished appearance! They looked at their master with a troubled expression, thrusting out their heads at him for a caress. But nothing could interest Blazec now; his son was constantly before his eyes.

Now he saw him on Sunday morning in holiday dress going to church, the girls of the village smiling at him, showing their white teeth. Now he would see him in the field, rake in hand, heaping up the grass he had just cut, or lifting the heavy sheaves of wheat on his pitchfork as if it were mere play. Oh, yes! His wife was right. He could not deny decent burial to such a son! Let him go to the grave with no procession of mourners weeping and lamenting this young life so soon cut down! He entered the hut.

In the middle of the room which had been emptied of all its contents by the neighbors, stretched on a heap of straw, lay Franek, a crucifix between his clasped hands. In one corner, near the window, crouched old Wojtowiczka, who had dressed him for his last sleep, muttering her prayers. The *Gospodarz* looked at his boy, then kneeling at his feet made a short prayer. When he arose his face was as if it were transfigured.

"No! I will never leave thee, my beloved child, like a dog in a ditch," he cried, as if his son could hear him; "no, thou shalt not have a burial without priest or procession to conduct thee to the cemetery, and if there is no other way, I will go find the—"

"Oye! Oye!" exclaimed Wojtowiczka, beginning her lamentations.

The peasant stopped, and stood sternly contemplating the body of his son. Supposing his boy should be stolen from him and buried in the cemetery of the dissenters. In the day of judgment what would become of him? How would Franek know his own people? These schismatics, these perjured creatures would never let him escape! And his poor soul would remain forever among strangers, like an orphan, without father and mother.

He made the sign of the cross and

with agitated mind went out to look for his wife. He found her at a neighbor's, her eyes swollen with weeping.

"Come, Yagos, let us submit to God's will. Do not sorrow any more. I am going to see the District Chief of Police; I will see the devil himself if necessary, but I shall never let Franek be taken away. We will bury him with his forefathers, if there is justice to be found on this earth." He went out.

It was summer, so no preparations for the journey were necessary. Bidding Yasick, his second son, take care of the fields and the hut, he mounted his horse, and with bowed head started on the highway leading to the town in which the Chief of Police of the district lived; a distance of twelve miles from the village.

Although the perspiration stood in big drops on his forehead, Blazec was insensible to the intense heat of the sun. It only seemed to him as if that heavenly body was smiling at him in mockery of his misery.

It was high noon when he arrived at Z. He led his horse to a stable, and directed his steps to the chief's residence.

He knew the house well, having already spent two long days before the door. It was after the birth of their last child whom the pope had insisted should be taken to the Orthodox church to be baptized.

Blazec had not been able to see the Chief of the District, who had gone that morning to make a tour of inspection; and when, after waiting two days, the peasant at last learned of his return, he was told that "His Honor" was fatigued and indisposed, and unable to see any one, either on that day or the next.

Blazec was informed on his return that on account of insubordination to the ecclesiastical authorities, he was condemned to pay twelve roubles and twenty-five kopecks.

He hoped by paying the fine he would be left in peace; but it was with reluctance that he took from his chest a crisp note of ten roubles. He looked

long at it as if bidding it a mournful farewell; for the money had not been found or stolen, but earned by the sweat of his brow in Mr. Polanski's forest. To this sum his wife added two roubles and fifty gros, which she had received from the sale of eggs and cheese, and which she had concealed, without his knowledge, in a padlocked churn.

"Give them these twelve roubles," she said, "and let them leave us in peace."

They believed—these simple souls—that their troubles were over; and now a greater misfortune overwhelmed them, and they had once more to implore human help and pity.

Thanks to his recent experience, Blazec readily found his way to the District Chief. He knew that he would have to enter through the kitchen and wait in a little anti-chamber among a crowd of other applicants; but this time fortune favored him. He had waited hardly four hours, when the chief came brusquely into the room, as if accidentally, with coat unbuttoned, and yawning from his afternoon nap. At sight of the peasant, his red and passive countenance became a deeper hue, and although he had a perfect knowledge of Polish, he asked in Russian, with a loud and guttural voice:—

"Who art thou, and what is thy business?"

The peasant shuddered. He understood the language of Russia inasmuch as it resembled that of Poland; but whenever he heard it, it always gave him a sensation of anguish, difficult to describe. Had not all his misfortunes been conveyed in that tongue? Direct taxes, military contributions, pecuniary fines and things still more frightful, which no law could redress; the outrageous rapacity of government officials, their tyranny over the peasants, perquisites without number, entries made in bad faith in the Registry of the District, falsifications which no justice, human or divine, no tribunal or supreme court had the power afterwards to annul.

All this passed rapidly through his

mind, and made him tremble from head to foot; nevertheless he made a low bow to the chief, saying:—

"I have come, illustrious master, because I am told that I am registered in the books as belonging to the Uniate Church."

And as Blazec spoke, he saw, as in a dream, his boy, his Franek, lying on the straw in the middle of the little room; and with low voice he added:—

"My son is dead, your Reverence; he was baptized in the Catholic Church, and therefore the priest will not bury him without a permit from your Honor."

"But it is evident that thou art a schismatic," said the chief.

"Oh! Illustrious Chief! I am a Catholic, a Roman Catholic, as my grandfather was. I remember well his interment in the cemetery of our village, and my wife also is a Catholic and a Pole. I go every Sunday to the Catholic Church, and all my life I have confessed there. It is only this year that—"

"Thou sayest that the curé accepts thy confession?"

"I was going to say, your Honor, that only this year at Easter, he would not, he said that a notice had come from the authorities, and besides, our child has not yet been baptized!"

"Why dost thou persist in defying our ecclesiastical rulers? Go to the *Tcerkief*! Is not that edifice as good as any other? After all, what difference does it make if one confesses there or elsewhere?"

"It is for my son, my eldest boy, my Franek who has just died, that I am anxious. He was baptized in our Holy Church, and therefore has the right to rest in a Catholic cemetery."

"What a fool thou art! As if he would not rise again from one place as well as another, at the last day. Nonsense! It is all the same to me whether they lay me here or there. I am a dissembler so far; they may do with me what they will after I die."

"Then if it is the same thing, illustrious chief, your Honor will grant me

a permit for our curé! Ah! May the good God reward you!"

The chief's brow darkened. "Imbecile!" he exclaimed. "It is just because thou dost rebel and disobey, that I refuse to give thee the paper. Be off, at once!"

Something like a mist seemed to pass over the eyes of the wretched peasant, almost blinding him. He grew ashy white, and trembled so that his knees tottered under him.

The chief shrugged his shoulders. "How stupid thou art! Even if I wished, I could not do what thou askest; it does not depend upon me!"

"Upon whom then does it depend?" asked Blazec, his face full of heart-rending misery.

"Upon the Consistory at Chelm."

"Where shall I find it, this illustrious Consistory?"

"At Chelm. Thou knowest the tower of Chelm; there the highest powers of the Orthodox Church have their See. Thou must present thyself to the Episcopal *Kancelary*, to the archpriest himself. Perhaps he will permit thee to remain a Roman Catholic, but it is doubtful; indeed it is more than certain that thou wilt obtain nothing; for it is evident that thy family belongs to an old dissenting stock. Thou canst see that the Catholic priest is of the same opinion, for he will not confess thee."

"It is not he who is unwilling!" cried Blazec, almost beside himself. "It is that dog of a Registrar who has done all this, who has discovered that my grandfather was reported to have been baptized in a Uniate church, and has gone and bellowed it to the priest. On St. Hedwig's Day, when I met him at the fair, he said to me: 'Good-morning, *Gospodarz*, hast thou twenty-five roubles for me?' I answered: 'Do you think that our hens lay roubles, Master Scribe? However, if you wish eggs, my wife will gladly bring you some.' Said he, looking at me from head to foot: 'Thou wilt either give me twenty-five roubles, or I will have thee registered as an Orthodox!' I thought he was joking, as is his habit when he wants to be treated to a drink of

brandy, and I replied: 'Master Scribe, I have never been, nor shall I ever be an Orthodox, and when I go forth to labor, my plough will not make roubles spring up out of the ground. Therefore I have none to give you.' I thought no more about the matter, until a few days later, the curé told me that he could neither baptize my child, nor receive my confession."

"What is the name of this Registrar?" asked the chief.

"I do not know; he belongs to the village of Korabina."

"Is he called Siergiezewskig?"

"Yes, that is his name."

"Eh! Eh! After all, one must live!"

"This means, then, your Honor," said Blazec, despairingly, "that I am not to find justice here?"

"I tell thee, I have nothing to do with this business. I am not the pope! It is for him to decide."

He laid a scornful emphasis upon the word "pope."

"I shall have to ride all night to reach Chelm! Oh, my God! What times are these when men are commanded to disown their religion!"

He made a low bow to the chief, who took no more notice of him. A little black dog had entered the room and jumped delightedly on its master, who covered it with caresses, pulling its ears and calling it by a hundred pet names. The severe expression of his face had totally disappeared.

Blazec crossed the courtyard of the house, his cap respectfully in his hand. In the street he put it on, pulling it down over his eyes.

"Alas! of whom now shall I ask advice? Yet Franek surely deserves any trouble I may have to take for him; let God's will be done! I will go to Chelm. The good God gives us the blessed summer. I will travel by night."

He gave his horse water, bought a small loaf of bread of a Jewess seated in a canvas-covered shed, and having obtained the necessary directions as to the route, he started for Chelm.

It was moonlight. The silver disk floated in high heaven spreading a clear, mild radiance over the earth. Blazec

rode at a steady trot, through forests, past villages, never stopping, regardless of everything about him. How many objects, animate and inanimate in this—the good God's world, but for him there was nothing, he saw nothing save that one bare little room, that form stretched on the straw.

"Alas!" thought he, "how far above the price of the whole world is the child of one's affections! So it is ordained, and so it will be till the end of time, and to lose him is like having the heart torn from my body! It is not in the control of reason!"

"But at least he must have decent burial. Alas! what would he think if we were to put him with strangers? No, no, my beloved child, thou shalt not be buried with them, and confounded with them at the last day! Thou shalt arise with us, because thou art ours."

And in his brain these ideas constantly revolved. The day was far advanced when he arrived at Chelm. He at once inquired where the Episcopal *Kancelarya* was to be found. An obliging little Jew, seeing money in the transaction, gave him the requisite information, without asking the *Gospodarz* his object in coming. Did he not see every day processions of ruined, miserable, ignorant peasants, who came to Chelm to defend their rights with heroic tenacity?

"Try your luck," said he; "if your cause is good you ought to succeed—perhaps—for with these gentlemen it is not so easy."

He made a gesture full of meaning, as if he dared not say one word against the powerful Orthodox authorities of Chelm.

When Blazec drew near to the diocesan building, the bells of all the churches in the town began to ring. It was like an incoherent jangling of sounds, a tocsin accompanied by a thousand bells out of tune: a ringing characteristic of the Orthodox churches. The peasant stopped, clasped his hands, and looking up at the bells, shook his head, muttering: "They do not even know how to ring honestly; the chiming

of our bells goes straight to the heart. Theirs is like the wrangling of old women in the market place!"

Growing bolder, step by step, he reached the gate of the *Kancelarya*. In the portico stood a wretched looking man, evidently a kind of porter, in a shabby uniform and cap so faded that not a trace of its original color was visible. On seeing Blazec he assumed a haughty air, and with head erect and hands on his hips he demanded:—

"What dost thou want here, dolt?"

The peasant made a low obeisance.

"Illustrious advocate, I have business here with the *Kancelarya*."

"I cannot permit any one to enter."

But, great counsellor, the matter is important!"

"I tell thee no one can go in; at least, unless he pays."

"And how much must he pay, your Excellency?"

"One rouble."

"A rouble? Will your Honor tell me where I can get it? They have already ruined me."

Nevertheless he plunged his fingers into the little leather purse suspended from his belt, to find a piece of forty gros; but it was not an easy matter to draw it out; the thin little coin would slip between the big fingers. The porter with an eager eye watched the struggle between the refractory bit of money and the clumsy fingers.

"It is all that remains," sighed Blazec. At last he secured the coin, drew it out, made it glisten in the sunshine, fingered it as if hoping to change it into a ducat; but the porter—still puzzled to know why he was called "Advocate"—snatched the money from the peasant's hand.

"There, turn to the right, fool, dost thou hear? Go up the stairs; thou wilt see a desk near the door."

Blazec crossed the threshold, entered the corridor, and mounted the stairs. It seemed to him that he had already gained much, by giving this "advocate" his forty gros. Beyond this the situation was not very clear.

Here in this strange town, within sound of these deafening bells, the

thought that he must speak before these popes; all this filled his mind with a kind of superstitious fancy.

Those were not idle tales told by the old women of the village, while they knitted in the twilight. He remembered his terror when the story teller said: "Then he began to walk, and he walked, and walked and walked!" There was always at the end of this walk some unexpected climax. Blazec said to himself he also was walking on and on and on. What was to be the end of it? Would fortune smile at last upon him—as on the youngest son in the fairy tale, who succeeded in everything he undertook? Who could tell?

Wishing himself a mouse that he might enter noiselessly into this holy place, he seized the latch of the door and awkwardly entered the room. The Russian official seated at the table exclaimed:—

"What stupid animal is that?"

"Your Worship—"

"Well? What is thy business?" cried the little quill-driver impatiently.

"It is this, your Excellency, I have been accused of being a Schismatic. It is a mistake; my father, my grandfather, all my family were Catholics."

"But that is a real calamity for any peasant," muttered the clerk; "where are thy certificates?"

"I have none with me, but I remember that at Easter, when my grandfather died, they—"

"Hast thou the papers I ask thee—the certificates of birth?"

"How could I have had the time to get them, your Excellency? I was so hurried. You know it is the blessed summer time, the body must be buried."

"And why in the Devil's name art thou talking about the body, when thou tellest me that thy grandfather died at Easter?"

"Oh, sir! it is my son who has just died, my boy Franek; the priest will not bury him without a permit."

"Thou may'st as well go to perdition, if thou hast not brought his certificate of birth; take thy son to the Orthodox Cemetery, and let that end the matter!"

"Oh! learned Scribe, have pity on

him! He was such a good boy, so strong and industrious—I cannot leave him with strangers!"

"Listen, it is useless for thee to remain here deafening me with thy cries and importunities. If they do not cease I shall have thee put out of the room."

Blazec's face became livid.

"Then," said he, "I am not to obtain justice here! Is it to be found anywhere in this base world? And do you believe I shall give you my Franek? Do you believe that I shall let him be buried in the Orthodox Cemetery?"

He left the room with head erect, and slamming the door behind him, crossed the corridor with long and rapid strides, heedless of the noise made by his heavy boots. His lips trembled with rage, and with clenched fists he seemed to threaten some invisible enemy.

On the staircase he met an incumbent of the Greek Church, whom he took for one high in orders. "Come," said he to himself, "let me make one more effort."

"What dost thou want?" asked the *dyak*, employing a mixture of Russian jargon to make himself understood.

The peasant made a humble reverence, and kissing the curate's hands, told him the whole story.

"And thou hast no certificate with thee?"

"None."

"Hm! It is a difficult business, and may cost a great deal of money—but there are means—it may be arranged. Dost thou know under what number thy case is classed? Thy name is Blazec, is it not? But thy grandfather—what was his name?"

"Wojalk Blazec."

"Wojalk Blazec—let me see!—Thou art a small landowner, art thou not?"

"Yes."

"Ah! Well it will cost thee ten roubles to have the matter arranged."

"Illustrious Bishop. Where do you think I can get ten roubles? I have hardly any money with me and my boy waits—the weather is so warm!"

"All right! Then look somewhere else for help."

"Oh! my God!" cried Blazec, wringing his hands. "I have already paid a fine of twelve roubles on account of our youngest child, and after all they may not allow him to be baptized. Where can I find the money?"

"Hearken! As thou art so poor, eight roubles will answer; give them to me, and I will arrange the whole matter."

"But how am I to obtain even eight roubles?"

"Sell thy coat, sell thy boots—do whatever thou pleasest. I have nothing to do with that."

"And if I can raise the money—where shall I find you again learned Bishop?"

"This evening, just before sunset, wait for me at the door of the *teerkief*; dost thou understand? Thou wilt bring me the money, and I will give thee the paper. But remember I promise to procure only the paper that concerns thy cause."

Blazec tried to make a better bargain with him, offering him three roubles, then five; finally the sum of seven roubles was agreed upon; and he parted from the *dyak*, with a mind disturbed, not knowing to whom to apply for the money.

He still had three paper roubles, and a few gros. The obliging little Jew, whom he had met in the morning, completed the sum, lending him four roubles on his coat and boots, at the rate of one rouble a week as interest.

Evening approached. The *dyak* stood at the door of the *teerkief* looking anxious and hurried. Noticing his confusion, Blazec offered him only a bill of five roubles, which the *dyak* snatched quickly, looking around nervously as he tossed the peasant a scrap of paper.

"There, take it, I have got myself into a pretty pickle for thee! I have just come from the Arch-priest. Dost thou think I am going to risk my position for nothing?"

"Oh, reverend father!" began Blazec, but the *dyak* had already disappeared in the shadow of the porch.

Blazec thrust the precious bit of paper inside his *czapka*, securing it so that it could not fall out.

Now his Franek would have a burial

worthy of him, and rest among his own people; his poor mother's heart would be comforted, knowing that now the bells would toll for her boy!

Once more he took the weary and dismal night ride; again dark doubts and forebodings assailed him, like flocks of black crows attacking sheaves of grain. It was the second night that he had been without sleep; and notwithstanding his vigorous constitution, his eyes grew heavy, and there seemed flashes of light dancing before him.

He grew very cold towards dawn, for although it was summer, the mornings were cool, and he missed his coat.

His clothing was damp with dew, and his horse was tired. He stopped to warm himself at a little inn where he took a glass of brandy, fed his horse, and rested a little. After all, what mattered it if he reached the end of his journey an hour or two later? Was he hastening with medicine to the bedside of a sick person, or bringing a midwife to a woman in travail?

"Thou wilt wait for thy father, my beloved child, thou wilt wait patiently for him; never more wilt thou run to meet him on the highway, knowing his approach by the neighing of the chestnut as he draws near his stable!"

The sun rose, and as day advanced, beat with pitiless heat on man and beast. At last, late in the afternoon, they reached the end of their journey.

The men in large numbers were returning from their work, their scythes and rakes on their shoulders. They stopped in front of Blazec's hut, put down their implements of labor against the wall, and entered.

A woman's lamentations could be heard through the open window. It was Franek's mother moaning because the neighbors were lifting her boy from his bed of straw to place him on a bier.

Blazec felt himself growing rigid with grief. He did not enter the courtyard, but went at once to the barn, the doors of which he knew would be open, because it was harvest time. Throwing the bridle on the neck of his horse, that it might find its way to the stable, he threw himself on a heap of stones, his

face turned to the wall, crying: "Oh! if these people would only go away, and darkness come quickly. Why should I show myself to them?"

He was ashamed of his tears which, in spite of himself, coursed down his cheeks and made him feel as if he was being strangled.

But Yasick, his second son, who had seen the horse nibbling the thin grass in the courtyard, rushed out in alarm, crying:—

"My God! The chestnut horse has come back alone; something terrible has happened!"

His father drew near a crack in the wall, and called the boy:—

"Yasick! Yasick! Come here! Thank Heaven it is thou! Mount the bay horse at once, and ride to the priest with this paper. Give it into his hands only, dost thou understand? And then find out what day Franek will be buried. Lose not the paper. It has cost much money and trouble! There it is, take it."

Yasick gazed silently at his father, not daring to ask a single question; then mounting the bay, he rode to the village. He was admitted into the presence of the curé, who was taking his tea before the open window.

"What dost thou wish, my child?"

"I bring you this paper," said Yasick, kissing the priest's hands, "and my father asks when the burial shall take place?"

"Whose?"

"Why, Franek's—Franek Blazec, your Honor!"

"Then thou hast really been able to get a permit? Ah! God be praised, my child, that this curse has not fallen upon your heads! Give it to me."

The priest held the paper under the lamp, but as he read his countenance changed.

"Thy father went to Chelm, my boy?"

"Yes, and returned at dusk."

"Listen! Take this permit back to thy father; tell him that he must come to see me to-night, without fail; no matter at what hour, he shall be admitted."

"And the burial, when will that be?"

"I will tell thy father myself; now go

my child, go; it is a very serious business."

Blazec arrived shortly after midnight; he looked agitated and suspicious. When the servant showed him into the priest's apartment, he found the latter dressing hastily.

"This is a bad business, my son. It is written all over this paper, that thy grandfather having been baptized in a Uniate Church, it is understood that thou and all thy family are Orthodox."

Blazec stood before the priest like one turned to stone. His arms hung motionless, his face was colorless, his eyes were fixed. He seemed not to have understood the curé.

"I wanted to warn thee, myself, my son, to impress upon thee not to show this paper to any one, for if it comes to the knowledge of the pope, one cannot tell what may happen. I know thee, and I know that thou wishest to remain in the faith of thy forefathers. Thou mayest, perhaps, still make an appeal to a higher authority. In any event, take care of this paper. Show it to no one."

"Oh! Christ!" groaned the peasant. "Have you read it correctly, my father?"

"Alas! yes; but if thou dost not believe me, show it to M. Polanski, to him only—not to the pope—nor to the registrar."

"Ah; 'tis that renegade, that dog of a clerk who has done this! It is he who has brought all this misery on my unhappy head! My God! what shall I do? Where shall I now turn?"

"Thou knowest how powerless I am to help thee."

"And if I return to Z? Perhaps that—"

"What good is there in my advising thee, when I know it will avail nothing?"

"Notwithstanding all this, I shall never leave my Franek in a strange cemetery," exclaimed the exasperated peasant, clenching his fists; then suddenly lowering his voice, he added:—

"You will not refuse to bury him by night, in our cemetery, my father?"

"I cannot give my permission, but I promise not to prevent it."

"Oh! All went so well before with us; we were so happy!" exclaimed the man in low tones, as if speaking to himself, "and then, all at once, like a thunderbolt, misfortune burst upon us and everything has gone wrong since. Fines to pay, the youngest child unbaptized, and now our first-born must be carried away, like a dog on a wheelbarrow, at dead of night! Oh! is there no longer a God in Heaven?"

"My son, blaspheme not, perhaps everything will change for the better."

Blazec kissed the curé's hands and departed with a deep sigh.

It had been arranged to bury Franek secretly at night; but after consulting with Pawel, the driver of the *droug*, and a companion with whom he had eaten the bread of many better days, Blazec decided either to return to Z. and to ask the advice of a lawyer, or to go to another Roman Catholic priest during confessional. Who would observe his presence among the innumerable crowd of penitents in the large church?

Two days later as he was returning from his expedition, which had been fruitless, he saw a group of men before his hut. He recognized the mayor and registrar, with gendarmes and a crowd of people gathered there from motives of curiosity.

Blazec started as if he had been shot, and rushing towards the cabin, without removing his cap, demanded:—

"What is the matter? What do you want here? Is there a thief in my house?"

The mayor, who was of a conciliatory disposition, interrupted him:—

"Be reasonable, Joseph, thou knowest that in such heat as this, the body cannot be kept, and we are here to ask thee to bury thy son."

Blazec controlled himself sufficiently to remove his cap, saying:—

"It is my wish to have him buried to-day, if you permit him to be taken to the Catholic Cemetery."

As he spoke his eyes met the sinister smile of the registrar.

"The *Sziaszennik* says that he belongs

to us," said one of the gendarmes in bad Polish.

"How to you?" screamed Blazec, "you may as well say that I belong to you! that this cabin is yours! But you shall not have him. I shall never follow him to your cemetery."

"He rebels against the government," said a second gendarme.

Blazec disdained to notice this remark. With one hand thrust in the front of his shirt, and the other leading his horse, he went to find his wife, who was with one of the neighbors.

The mayor and the registrar had a consultation which resulted in a decision to leave the gendarmes in possession of the body until the morning, when they would bury it in the Schismatic cemetery, with or without the family's consent.

It was night when Blazec and his son—believing that every one had departed—arrived with a wagon to remove Franek's body.

They entered with stealthy footsteps, when suddenly they saw the shadows of the gendarmes beside the bier. An oath choked the voice of the *Gospodarz*. His cries and imprecations soon drew his neighbors to the spot, his wife among them. She clung to him, imploring him to cease from his threats and curses.

"Oh! Joseph, thou offendest the good God by thy oaths. It is a sin to blaspheme thus, and the body of our boy not yet in consecrated ground!"

Blazec, though resisting, allowed himself to be led away. He knew that it was wrong to yield to this fire of rage within him; but finally he tore himself from his wife's grasp:—

"I will go where I will," he exclaimed, "and may God have mercy on my soul."

"Oh!" cried the unhappy woman; "if thou losest thy head, what shall become of us? The work in the field waits for thee! The little ones need thee! Listen to me, Joseph! my husband! Our Franek belongs to the good God more than to us; we are not the first nor the last to whom he has sent such sore trials."

But the peasant, deaf to her pleading,

walked steadily on towards the forest, leaving her sobbing and weeping, as she leaned against the wall of a neighboring hut, wiping with her apron the fast falling tears from her face.

The following morning a new insult was offered.

The gendarmes compelled Yasick to harness the horses to the wagon into which they lifted the coffin. The people of the village again assembled in front of the peasant's hut, partly from feelings of interest, partly out of curiosity, and uncertain whether they ought or ought not to follow the body to the cemetery.

Speechless with sorrow, but with eyes now dry, the Blazkova looked on, until her knees gave way under her and she fainted. When she came to herself in the arms of one of the women, and saw that the wagon was about to move, she threw herself on the ground, and with arms extended towards the coffin, cried:—

"Oh! my beloved child! my first born! Thou hast had no joy in this world, and thou art not even to have decent burial! There are none to follow thee singing, and no bells to toll for thee!"

All hearts were touched; some of the men whispered together, and as the wagon began to move, Simon Stepniak, a peasant who was as familiar with the chants of the church as the organist himself, gave a signal for the others to begin; when with all the strength of their lungs they intoned the hymn for the dead.

Then followed a scene of indescribable confusion; the gendarmes tried to silence the crowd, to disperse them, crying: "This man is declared Orthodox by the czar, the arch-priest and the pope! It is forbidden to sing a Catholic hymn over his body."

The crowd, utterly disorganized, did not know what to do; it did not hush altogether, for while a few men in the front had understood the point in question and had stopped singing, the old women in the rear still went on crooning with their dolorous voices.

Finally, after the gendarmes had re-

sorted to the use of their fists, silence was by degrees restored.

The old women, utterly astounded, whispered among themselves:—

"Is it true that we are forbidden in these days to sing over our dead, as we follow them to the cemetery?"

The crowd dispersed slowly, and after a while there remained only a few old gossips who would not abandon Yagos.

"Thy father has not even said farewell to thee, my poor child," sighed the mother, "and we have offered no refreshments to the good people. Alas! they have taken thee away, carried thee off like one without father and mother."

"How strange that Blazec should stay away!" said the women among themselves.

"Yes, he is not here," said Yagos, weeping. "He went off in the night, and has not yet returned. Perhaps it is better so; had he been here he would have broken the head of every one of those liars!"

The old women helped her to rise, and begged her to let them take her to her friends in the neighborhood, but she refused. How make hay with folded arms? She had been idle long enough, and it was harvest time; and the *izba* must be scrubbed. It would not do to leave it in its present condition, neither sweet nor clean, and the air so oppressive there!

She took a bucket, went to the foot of the mountain, and there dug some fine white clay.

Towards noon Blazec returned. He found the hut open and the windows taken out of their frames. In the middle of the *izba* his wife was scrubbing, her head wrapped up in a piece of coarse linen. Her face was as white as a miller's, her petticoat splashed with clay and water. Without speaking, he went to the cupboard, cut a piece of bread, took his scythe and went out into the field. He asked no questions, either about Yasick or the other children, or about the absent horses.

"He has often gone out to mow, and taken but one piece of bread," thought his wife sorrowfully.

Although when evening came their

home had assumed its usual aspect, no one wished to stay there. An irresistible fear of death had taken possession of the whole family; and after their supper, served on a bench outside the door, they all lay down to pass the night on the hay in the barn.

Before long, however, the household resumed its accustomed way of living.

Blazec went to town only to buy back his coat and boots, and then returned to his labor, mowing his hay and spreading it out to dry. He had lost much time, and the wheat was already ripe.

No one spoke of Franek.

All at once, the old grave digger employed in the orthodox cemetery, brought a startling piece of news to the *dyak*; a grave had been robbed! The *dyak* ran to tell the pope. It was noised about, and gendarmes were sent in haste to verify the report.

It was indeed true. Franek Blazec's grave was empty; the coffin with its contents had been stolen!

The pope's rage knew no bounds. "Oh! those brigands!" he cried, "those scoundrels to whom nothing is sacred! who profane graves and rob the dead!"

The registrar and gendarmes shared the indignation of the pope.

"It is that dog of a Pole who has done it," said they. "They are all the same, insurgents, rebels and enemies of our father, the czar. But only Blazec is capable of such a piece of work! What a pity that the knout is abolished!"

The gendarmes were sent without delay to the village. The sun was setting when they arrived at the *Gospodarz'* hut. Yagos was preparing to serve supper before the door. Blazec was in the courtyard turning a grindstone. He ran forward on hearing the noise; but when he saw the gendarmes, he slackened his pace, drew himself up, put his scythe over his shoulder, and scarcely lifted his hat.

"Thou mayest as well own up that thou knowest our business here!"

"I do not know it," he answered quietly.

"Who, then, has profaned the grave in the cemetery?"

"Oh, Holy Jesus!" murmured Yagos.

But not a muscle of the peasant's face moved.

"Is it not thou who hast removed thy son's body? What hast thou done with it? Where hast thou put it?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Blazec.

"Who else would have stolen the body?"

"How do I know?" retorted the peasant with a sneering tone. "I did not bury him, therefore I am not obliged to watch over him! You came and took him away as if he was yours."

"He did belong to us!" said one of the gendarmes, "he was Orthodox."

"Eh! Eh! He was not so much yours," calmly replied the peasant, "that he was willing to remain in your cemetery, but had to seek another resting place! If he had belonged to you, he would have stayed where he was."

These last words were received with shouts and imprecations.

"The court will make thee confess thy crime! Dost thou know the penalty for robbing a grave?"

Blazec remained silent.

His wife began to implore and lament, now calling upon God to witness that no one belonging to her had been near the cemetery, now appealing to the gendarmes, as omnipotent beings, to help her in this terrible business.

At length, fuming with anger, the officers went away, not without accepting a bowl of curds and a roll of fresh bread, brought to them by the unhappy woman.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Adaptation of Mme. Marguerite Poradowska, by A. M. T.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE FARM AND THE CITY.

I was standing on a gentle slope rising slowly out of the uncompromising levels of the Essex marsh and the mud of the foreshore. Beside me stood up against the clouds the shapeless ruins of an old castle; behind me were the orchards of a four years' growth, their

harvest over, their work for the season done; at my feet the ebb tide had left the expanse of mud bare and wet, glittering here and there with strange gleams of light; behind the mud lay Canvey Island, its flat meadows seeming lower even than the mud of the low tide; beyond Canvey rolled the broad river on which the ships go up and down all the day and all the year round; beyond the river one could see the mouth of the Medway and the low cliffs of the Kentish shore. The ebb was quite finished; the autumn sky was grey, but brightened by the frequent appearance of a cloudy and shaded sun, as of a lamp with a gauze upon it; this coming and going of the sun caused that glittering of the mud and drew those silver lines across the levels. All these surroundings—the strange prospect of a stretch of bare mud that was not unlovely, the gleams of light, the splendid river, father of wealth and fosterer of industry, the blue hills in the distance—suggested the place, and the mood called up by the place, and the meaning of the place. For here, around me, were the ruins of an abandoned past; here was a new life springing up; here were hapless, dreary, sorrowful stretches of barren mud, yet touched with light; here, though the sky was overcast, the colors of earth and air and water were tinged with a gentle melancholy; though the very light of day was sad, yet the sunlight intervened, and the clouds, if you looked up, were slowly, slowly falling away to the west, leaving in the east the promise of a golden rose of dawn.

For this place was none other than the Farm Colony, the farm of Hadleigh, part of the great scheme of General Booth, of which the world has heard so much, of which the world as yet understands so little.

For manifest reasons—especially the interest which attaches to any popular movement—it has been my pleasure for many years to watch the society, or order, called the Salvation Army. It has recently become a necessary part of my work to study all their documents and to investigate personally the prac-

tical results of their great endeavor. It will be conceded at the outset that such an investigation—for which I claim no originality—should be at least useful in clearing up doubtful points in one's own mind. It will be also conceded that the man who conceived, created, and organized this vast society must be regarded as a remarkable man; remarkable if the charges brought against him are true—they have been repeated over and over again; remarkable in that case for an unblushing audacity, for a brazen front worthy of Titus Oates, for an audacity in hypocrisy beyond parallel; remarkable, if the charges are false, for his tenacity, his perseverance, his silence under attack; still more remarkable, if it should prove that his efforts are inspired by a genuine desire to raise the fallen and to relieve the unhappy; most remarkable, if it should prove that the machinery invented by him is the most practical and the most promising, and already the most fruitful of results, that has ever been imagined or designed.

I think that it is a plain duty to bear witness to things seen and examined and proved. I think that when one has become firmly impressed with the present importance, the stable character, and the vast possibilities of such a scheme as is now at work in our midst, it becomes his bounden duty to testify as to what he believes, and to show cause for his belief. I know very well that writers better qualified than myself to pronounce judgment on the working of philanthropic schemes have already spoken plainly and strongly on the subject. I have before me, for instance, three papers, written by Mr. Arnold White, Mr. Francis Peek, and Dean Farrar; no testimony, no advocacy could be stronger than theirs. I have little to advance in addition, little to urge. I have few new facts to produce, certainly no new enemies to defeat, because the hostility is always the same. Why, then, speak at all? Because the hostility is always the same; because, although the charges have been refuted over and over again, they are continually repeated; because the

defence of five years ago is already partly forgotten, and the truth must be repeated.

One does not desire, in an experiment of this magnitude, a chorus of universal approval. It is well that there should be jealousy and suspicion; opposition makes men careful; misrepresentation makes the outside world doubt and inquire; hostility is as useful in things social as in things political. Discussion, even of a hostile kind, is better than silence. With such an enterprise, such an endeavor, as this, it is as with a book. The author of a book does not desire a hostile review; better, however, the most vigorous "slating" than the contempt of silence. General Booth has been talked about. Friends and enemies alike continue to talk about him. Meantime the great social experiment—the greatest ever attempted—has been actually attempted; has been actually carried into practice; and has proved, actually, successful. What it all means, what has been done since the Committee of Inquiry reported in 1892, concerns the whole community. I desire to put the present facts before the world in the brief space—but brevity in this case is better than length—usually accorded to an article.

I must ask the reader at the outset to put aside the religious part of General Booth's work altogether. From his point of view it cannot be so separated. From our point of view it must. We have to consider here the social and economic side, the results and the promise, so far, of an experiment ambitious, costly, and audacious. Ambitious, because it attacks the terrible problem of human wreckage; costly, because it covers the whole field of the outcast camp; audacious, because its success depends on the unselfish devotion of the instruments which carry it out.

The general features of the scheme are well known. "Our true mission," said one of the officers of the Army, "is with the very poor—the lowest of all." Everything must be considered from that point of view. The homeless, the workless, the drunkard, the prison bird,

the hardened criminal, the prostitute, the poor little child-mother, the street Arab, the man who has got no trade, the friendless, the stranger; these are the people for whom the scheme is designed. Always bear in mind that cardinal fact.

If you look at any of the papers and pamphlets which are issued from Queen Victoria Street you will learn from the figures how vast is the work, how widespread. Figures are difficult things to handle; they may mean anything. I propose to speak of the various branches of work without much mention of figures. It will be sufficient to know that, for good or for evil, every single branch of work so far undertaken is crowded with the people for whom it is intended. I begin with the "Farm Colony"—the Farm of Hadleigh.

The estate consists of about three thousand acres, of which a third part is under cultivation; the rest is used for pasture, for orchards, for poultry, and for brick-fields; there are four kilns in active work; there is a light railway running down to their own wharf and their own barges; the farm is completely furnished with stables, sheds, stores, bakery, dormitories, residences. There is a hall for meetings and religious services; there is a reading-room with a library; there is a hospital; there is a refectory. The different branches are under skilled overseers, and the workers are men who have been sent down from the "City Colony." That is to say, they are men taken from the streets and the gutter; such men, exactly and without exception, as were mentioned above as constituting the *clientèle* of the scheme. There are two hundred and sixty of them.

When they first come down they are mostly in weak health; they know nothing about the work of agriculture; they cannot probably handle a spade; their work—this must be borne in mind—for some months means a dead loss to the farm. Presently, under the stimulus of good food, regular hours, and fine air, they put on strength; they learn how to work; under the influence of example, of friendliness, and of kindness they be-

come good workers. You will not find on any farm a body of laborers who work with better will than these fellows on the Essex "colony." Remember what they were—the wrecks of London, the wastrels of the great city, the helpless, hopeless wretches whom prison cannot reform, whom the Church does not touch. Now talk to them; look at them; their self-respect has come back; they are men once more; what the turnkey and the policeman cannot do the farm has done; they are "converted" in a sense which the general does not mean; they are converted from disorder to order, from waste to work, from crime to honesty—a conversion notable indeed. These men remain on the farm for three years; at the end of that time they have learned habits of work; they have passed through the craving for drink; they can be trusted. What becomes of them? Some remain on the farm as trained workmen, helpful in training others; some are taken on by farmers who are friendly to the cause; some are sent abroad, and readily find places in the colonies. You may read letters by the dozen from men who are firmly established in the better life. Failures, of course, there are; they consider that about sixteen per cent. "jack it up," and go back to the slough and mire. Out of a hundred new hands about fifty-five per cent. are permanently restored.

Everybody asks whether the farm pays its expenses. What do we mean by paying its expenses? The figures show a deficit of about £4,000 a year; the facts, as you will see directly, show a clear gain of £20,000 a year. But the figures themselves, in a year or two, will show a profit. However, you shall have the facts.

Every man who does no work lives on the labors of other men. A wastrel of the London streets devours and consumes and uses up, one way and another, at least £40 worth of food, drink, clothes, light, fire, and shelter. He ought to produce by his own work at least £60 worth of something or other. So that every such idle and worthless creature is a dead loss to the com-

munity of £100 a year. If two hundred and sixty of these creatures are converted from ways of waste to ways of carefulness, there is a saving to the country of £26,000 a year in clear money.

But there is at present a deficit of £4,000; this must be deducted. The farm, therefore, saves the country only £22,000 a year. Not quite so good, but still something. If the deficit were £10,000 a year, the country would still save £16,000 a year by the farm. But let it be clearly understood that the deficit is yearly growing less, and will speedily vanish.

This view of the case is, I hope, intelligible and simple. The farm succeeds in saving £22,000 a year to the community. This is a broad fact.

Most of my readers will agree with me, however, that this is not the best or the truest estimate of the gain to the community by the rescue of a hundred men—less the failures—who were quite fallen, degraded, and apparently hopeless. The gain to the country of every single case can never be estimated, can never be measured by any standard; it is the gain of one more useful life; it is the gain of an example; it is the gain of children and grandchildren—one knows not how far and wide the gain may reach—brought up in honesty, with the example of honesty and temperance; it is the gain of one more man on the side of order; it is the gain of infinite possibilities in the direction of good rather than of evil. These gains can never be set down in figures or estimated by dollars.

But some are failures. That must always be the case. Then our gain is less; yes, we must make allowance for the failures, who appear, so far, to be about forty-five per cent. of the whole; as the numbers increase and more experience is acquired, the proportion of failures, it is hoped, will diminish.

The treatment of the men from the beginning is based on a kindly sympathy; there is an assumption that friendship and kindness will meet with a response; the men are trusted; there is no condescension; *there is no reproach*; they find out for themselves

the true nature of the past; when at last it stands before them, an accusing companion who will not leave them, the day of reform is not far off. As one result of this treatment there has never been any disturbance; the Hadleigh policeman looks over the fence upon another village where he is not wanted; they settle a dispute, if any arises, by themselves, and without brawls and without fighting.

There is no giving of alms or doles. The men are paid for their work; they receive tokens with which they buy in the dining-room what they choose or can afford for their meals. They can have an excellent breakfast for 3d., a good dinner for 4d., a good tea or supper for 3d. more. What they do not spend goes down to their account and is kept for them; when they leave the farm they take the balance with them; some of them have saved up considerable sums. They have a room of their own in which they can smoke and talk, or read, in the evening; they are not pressed to embrace the religion of the Army; there are concerts and lectures for them; a few of them are married and have their wives with them; the rest sleep in dormitories, five-and-twenty in a room, an orderly in every room; the beds are narrow iron beds; the lights are out at half past nine.

They make their own bread; they grow their own corn, their own fruit, their own vegetables; in order to get cheap tea they propose to buy their own tea-plantation in Ceylon, and, I dare say, are intending to have other plantations as well.

This farm, thus peopled, thus recruited, thus managed, is the creation of General Booth; it is a part, a very important part, but by no means the whole of his great scheme. You have seen that, by means of this farm, he has actually added an annual sum of over £20,000 to the wealth of the country by saving so much from loss and waste. For that alone, without counting the reformation of so many wasters, I maintain that further and wider recognition on our part is due to the

man and to his scheme. The farm was an experiment; it is now an achievement. And as soon as one such farm can be shown to succeed there may be dozens. It is, however, very much to be desired that the supplement to the "Farm Colony"—the "Over-sea Colony"—the plantation of the colonists on lands in Australia or Canada, should be undertaken as quickly as possible. This, in fact, was one of the recommendations of the committee of 1892. It is an essential part of the scheme.

The farm colonists are drafted from the "City Colony," which contains a great number of institutions. First and most important are the factories or Elevators, where the worthless and destitute are received and employed at their own trade or taught a trade. They are, for the most part, men who have been ruined by drink. The reader should visit one of the Elevators; he will see old men and young men; he will see faces marked and stamped and scarred by the life they have left behind them; he will see other faces still bright with the promise of spring; he will see sad and weary faces; but never faces ashamed; there is a new light, a new hope, in all these faces. They work with a will, cheerily, not as those who grudge the labor hired out to a hard taskmaster.

One need not catalogue their industries; in the Elevator of Hanbury Street, for instance, they are engaged chiefly in carpentry, joinery, upholstery and furniture; they make wheels, they paint and repair carriages. It is thus a great shop, directed by members of the Army, whose workmen are rescued wasters, and drunkards, and anything else you please. These men sleep in a Home where they lead the common life; they have a mess-room, a smoking-room, dormitories, and a common hall. Like the men on the farm, they do not receive alms, but are paid for their work by tokens which represent money. They thus fare better and live more comfortably in proportion to the improvement in their work. I desire to avoid figures, but it may be useful to observe that of the whole number re-

ceived into the Elevators one-third are placed in situations or restored to their friends, one-third ask only for temporary employment, which they receive, and one-third are failures, and either depart of their own accord or are discharged.

Below the Elevators, if there is anything above or below in this view of work, is the "Prison-Gate Home." Every morning prisoners are released and pass out of the gates of misery back to freedom. The world of freedom will probably refuse to receive them; then they drift back to the gaol, which will become practically their home for the remainder of the earthly pilgrimage. What a pilgrimage! Every morning the representatives of the Army stand outside the gates and receive the prisoners. These representatives are generally old prisoners themselves, whose offices and invitations are likely to be received with more confidence than those of others. One of them, for instance, is a well-known character named "Old Dad Sloss," *alias* the "ex-Duke of Portland," from his long experience of that and other prisons.

This worthy has spent forty years in prison. He has been in the Army for nine years, and naturally, from his large experience of prison life and his notorious exploits during the short intervals of freedom, he commands respect and confidence among criminals. Mostly the prisoners try first their own friends. When they realize the fact that friends will have nothing to do with them, and that no one will employ a man just out of prison, they are disposed to try the Prison-Gate Home. This Home is managed on exactly the same lines as the rest of the work. It is assumed tacitly that, just as a boy at school receives a caning by which he expiates his offence and goes back to the other boys with a clear character, so the man who has "done time" has atoned for his offence. He begins again. In the Home he will meet with no reproaches; he will be met half-way in every step towards honesty; without feeling it or suspecting it, he will be sub-

ject to an unceasing superintendence. He will receive no doles, he will earn his food and lodging. How far the place is successful may be judged from the fact that out of five hundred received in the Home in one year only twelve per cent. were discharged as failures; and of these most will come back again after another period of prison to try the Prison-Gate Home once more.

It is necessary to find work for these discharged prisoners. One very odd kind of work has been found for them. Not far from their Home in Argyle Square there is a disused ecclesiastical edifice; by its gateway and its windows, it seems to have been an Anglican chapel of ease, probably unconsecrated, and built about the year 1830, when church architecture was a fearful and a wonderful thing. In this dismantled place there are huge crates filled with waste paper; the men are at work sorting the paper; it is sorted, it is fastened up in bales, and carried off to the Army's wharf at Millwall, where it is shipped for the paper mills which take it. A man by sorting five hundredweight of paper a day earns enough to pay for his keep. The men, when I saw them, were getting through their five hundred-weight with apparent zeal; there were some good faces among them; there were also faces which looked as if they wanted all the brotherly love there is in the whole world to get rid of those ugly lines and those lowering looks. But never any disturbance, never any row; the men are quite quiet. One point has a touch of the pathetic. We should not expect the dietary of such a Home to be too generous. When the men come out, after the short commons to which they have been accustomed, they cannot even get through the single plate of food which is set before them.

It is satisfactory to quote the following words from the Home Office Departmental Committee on Prisons:—

The Salvation Army has organized Discharged Prisoners' Homes for men and women, and although it is too soon to

express a decided opinion upon their working, yet it is quite certain that through their agencies a considerable number of apparently hopeless cases have been satisfactorily dealt with.

The report of the committee further recommends that "facilities should be given to accredited representatives of fit societies to see the prisoners before discharge." Has this recommendation been carried out? I believe not. Yet in all the countries except our own where the Salvation Army has been received the officers are allowed to visit the prisons and to hold meetings within the prison, and even to enroll prisoners as members of their society—so-called soldiers of the Army.

There are, again, the police courts, as well as the prisons. I would advise any one who wishes to understand something of the lower life, which is the life of the majority, to spend a morning or two in a police court. He will be rewarded; he will come away a sadder and a wiser man. He will see the poor wretch who has once been in a decent position and has fallen through sheer lack of will—in other words, for want of backbone; he will see the drunkard brought up for the hundredth time; he will see the juvenile offender, the child whose head hardly reaches the handrail of the dock, whose life is going to be blasted through and through—yes, even if he lives for a hundred years—because he sinned ignorantly as a child; he will see the hardened criminal on his way to a lifelong sentence; the brute who tortures and starves his children; the deserted girl, the vagrant, and the sturdy rogue—the whole tribe of those who were formerly flogged through the streets of the village by the headborough. Among them he will see the officer of the Salvation Army, who presently marches off, having rescued, as his day's work, the child criminal and the child mother, and the man without a backbone and the drunkard. The magistrate finds that it is better to hand them over to the Army than to send them to a prison, which is powerless to reform, yet can

and does inflict lifelong disgrace upon those who enter it but for a week. This is practical recognition.

Another scene. Every day boys run away from their homes and join the ranks of the lads who live upon the streets. This is no new thing; Defoe has depicted the life of the street Arab in his own time. It is a dangerous life; they sell things; they run messages; they cry papers; they consort together, and sleep in low doss-houses, where they meet with all kinds of villainy, and are taught to regard the successful accomplishment of a robbery as heroism of the highest type. Gambling is, of course, a common form of vice with them. It always has been so; remember Hogarth's bootblacks gambling under the street lamp. For these boys a Home has been provided. Like the Elevators, this Home offers no alms; the boys are attracted by warmth, light, washing—they are much fonder of cleanliness than the adults—companionship, singing, and cheap food. They pay for everything, and are independent. Some of them have gone back to their friends; for others it is far better that they should not go back to their friends. To take these lads off the streets, to look after them, and bring them into some kind of order, ought to commend itself as a laudable, and even a necessary, work; but the general has, so far, only been enabled to open one such Home, which accommodates no more than eighty boys. Others of a similar character are urgently wanted.

Turn next to the work attempted for women. They want protection, employment, rescue. In London alone they have seven Rescue Homes, a receiving-house, and a Maternity Hospital; they have shelters for the homeless; they have industrial places for those who want employment.

Much of all this description, it may be objected, is mere profession. What do they achieve? Where are their results? One can only turn to the figures. The women who have been received by the Rescue Homes are numbered by thousands. Out of this vast number of cases eighty-five per cent. have turned

out well; these, the successful cases, are either in employment, or they have returned to their friends, or they are married; of the remainder, after three years, six per cent. are known to have relapsed; nine per cent. are suspected. Now, one does not pretend that there are no other agencies at work in the same direction and with the same objects; but it is not too much to maintain that those who desire the rescue of these poor creatures—not wretched because they do not generally know the full extent of their own wretchedness—cannot possibly desire the failure of Booth's endeavor.

Another branch of work has grown out of the rescue work; it is the recovery of persons who are lost. An incredible number of persons are every year lost in London. What does this mean? If it is a poor girl, it generally means only one thing. If it is a man, it may mean anything—flight when discovery is imminent; voluntary effacement for some cause or other. Then the friends of the fugitive or the man in hiding or the girl who is ashamed, write to the "Help and Inquiry Department." A common case is that of the man's disappearance before the baby, for which he is liable, is born. The Salvation Army hunt him down and bring him before the police court with a peculiar satisfaction. There were two hundred and sixteen happy fathers thus captured and dealt with last year; there were over three thousand letters received last year about lost persons.

There is, again, the work attempted among the slums. The word has been so much abused that one shrinks from using it, but there seems no other. Now, the slums of London are rapidly changing in character. The row of ruinous cottages forming a narrow court leading out of a narrow street—examples of which we can still see in Westminster, Whitechapel, Southwark, Hoxton, and many other places—is disappearing. With them will vanish many of the worst features of the slum. They are vanishing because the site is becoming too valuable to be wasted on cottages. The model lodg-

ing-house succeeds; the huge square block of buildings with everything that the heart of philanthropy can desire—the cubic air space, the sanitary arrangements, the plastered walls, the separate flats, the washhouses, the cisterns, the broad open staircases. Surely, surely now we have reached the perfect lodging. Alas! we reckoned without the lodgers; we forgot that rules and regulations, nay, appliances at hand, will not make people clean and decent. The following is the testimony of Miss Octavia Hill:—

Regulations are of *no* avail; no public inspection can possibly for more than an hour or two secure order; no resident superintendent has at once conscience, nerve, and devotion, single-handed, to stem the violence, the dirt, the noise, the quarrels; no body of public opinion on the part of the tenants themselves asserts itself: one by one, disheartened, the tidier ones depart; the rampant remain and prevail, and often, with a very fair show to the outsider, the block becomes a sort of pandemonium. No one who is not in and out day by day, or, better still, night after night; no one who does not watch the swift degradation of children belonging to tidy families; no one who does not know the terrorism exercised by the rough over the timid and industrious poor; no one who does not know the abuse of every appliance provided by the benevolent or speculative, but non-resident, landlord can tell what life in blocks is where the population is low class. Sinks and drains are stopped; yards provided for exercise must be closed because of misbehavior; *boys bathe in drinking-water cisterns*; washhouses on staircases—or staircases themselves—become the nightly haunt of the vicious, the Sunday gambling-places of boys; the yell of the drunkard echoes through the hollow passages; the stairs are blocked by dirty children; and the life of any decent, hard-working family becomes intolerable.

To meet these evils certain persons belonging to the Army live in the courts or in the lodging-houses among the people; they go about among them; they nurse them in sickness; they clean up for them; they shame them into decency. There are ladies of the An-

¹ Life and Labor of the People, vol. ii.

glican Church—of Nonconformity—who do the same thing in the foulest parts of London; but there is room for hundreds more; there are not so many of these devoted women that we can afford to lose a single one. The Salvation women among the slums have got a wonderful field before them: they get to know the families; in case of a man wanting work, they can often find it for him; they look after the children, and they supplement the school.

I have gone through most of the work attempted and achieved by the Army. There remain the Shelters. These have been much abused, and are continually attacked. The great reason for attacks seems to me jealousy of the great organization that is spreading over the whole country, dwarfing and swallowing up the efforts of the various Churches to reach the very poor.

What do the Shelters offer? For those who can pay a penny, a seat, a supper of bread, and a lavatory with plenty of water; a half-penny provides a bowl of soup; another penny gives a bunk; threepence gives a bed in a cubicle; and so on. The people come at any hour they please; at eight there is singing of hymns, with an address; the men may join if they please. At nine they go to bed; every bunk is spread with a mattress covered with American cloth; the bedclothes consist of American cloth; the place is kept at a temperature of sixty degrees; there is never any disturbance or trouble; in the morning they get up and go away.

To illustrate the nature of the attacks made upon the Shelters, I have only to refer to a letter in the *Times* of October 9, in which the writer compares the Shelters with the casual wards. In the latter places there are baths used; the men's clothes are roughly cleansed. We might add that in these truly terrible places—the casual wards—the inmate is immured in a cell by himself, and set to break stones—so many stones before he gets away; in the Shelters he is treated as a friend who happens to be down on his luck. The writer conceals the fact that some vermin cannot be got rid of by soap; to make a man change his clothes is to transfer these vermin

most certainly to the next man who wears that change of clothing. He conceals the fact that when a man is taken from the Shelter to the Elevator his clothes are all passed through the "crematorium," or oven. In the Shelters the men can wash as much as they please; if there is danger of communicating vermin to each other, surely there is far greater danger in the common lodging-house, their only alternative. He suggests that the Army provides "bad food." I have seen their bread and their puddings and their meat: the charge is ridiculous; it is shameful to insinuate such a charge. Further, he insinuates that the Shelters are run for profit. *They are run so as just to pay their expenses.* It is the most creditable part of the work that everything is run with a view of paying its expenses if possible. As regards the cleanliness of the Homes and Shelters or the Army, my own experience is that scrubbing is continually going on, every day and all days. Lastly, this writer, whose name I suppress out of respect for the address which he gives, confuses the Shelters or night refuges with the Elevators or factories, in order to try a little epigram. All this kind of talk is stuff; people so low down must accept the contagion of vermin as part of the situation; whether they crowd together in a dark arch, or in a two-penny doss, or in a Shelter, the fleas belong to the situation. When one thinks of the warmth and comfort, the cheap food, the sympathy, the cheerfulness of the Shelter, it does seem to me too foolish to quarrel with their promoters because they cannot afford to give these hundreds of men a change of clothes (which, besides, would be foolish for the reason stated above), or to try by a single ablution to destroy the vermin which belong to dirt and misery.

This, then, is some of the work attempted by the remarkable man who has created the Salvation Army and all that belongs to it. The attempt has been made on a gigantic scale; the cases treated run into many thousands; the work is carried on all over the world. In some of our colonies part of the work is subsidized thus: at the Cape,

the Prison Gate Brigade receives a grant of £250 a year; the Victorian government grants the same body £750 a year; Canada, Tasmania, New Zealand, Ceylon, India, all give assistance either by grants of money or by exemption from rent and taxes. Our own government does not help the work at all. I sincerely hope that it never will. If the work is to be carried on with the same efficiency, the same personal enthusiasm, the same passion, as at present, it must not become a State-aided, subsidized work, fettered by regulations, tied and bound with red tape. At present it owes its success entirely to the single-minded enthusiasm of the workers; they are governed by principles only, and are left free, and must be left free, to work as they find best. You may look in vain for petty interferences in the work; they do not exist; there is no red tape. When boards sit and committees multiply rules the life of a cause goes out of it. Let the work

I have spoken of the continual attacks sidy from the government.

I have spoken of the continual attacks made upon the scheme in all its branches. It is remarkable, on the other hand, to note the long list of men—not enthusiasts, but level-headed men, statesmen, lawyers, and others—who have acknowledged the work of the Army in the strongest terms. For instance, there are words of recognition from Lord Brassey, Sir William Harcourt, Sir John Rigby, Sir Walter Foster, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir John Gorst, Dean Farrar, W. S. Caine, Samuel Morley, Arnold White, and a crowd of others. The present Bishop of Manchester, for instance, says:—

Very few men could hope to carry out this scheme successfully, but I think you may, for the following reasons: 1. You have proved that you can teach the waifs and strays to work. 2. You can surround them with the authority, the sympathy, and help of men of their own class, of firm Christian principle. 3. You make a radical change of their character an essential condition of your scheme, and have again proved that in many cases religious means, which I confess I could not use myself, are effective to that end.

4. You have the assistance of a large and enthusiastic staff of officers stationed in various parts of the world, and working for Christ's sake, with little more than bare subsistence provided from your funds.

Having this belief, I feel myself called upon to help you.

In the face of these facts, these testimonies, it is wearisome to read the utterances with which the smaller men try to keep up the prejudice against the Army.

The world at large, I expect, does not understand the organization, the wise far-seeing organization, of this great society any more than it understands the work which it is doing.

Perhaps the general had the Franciscan Order in his mind when he started. That order, as everybody knows, demanded a threefold vow: of chastity, of poverty, of obedience. The order established by General Booth demands precisely the same three vows.

I. Of Chastity. To this virtue the members of the society are especially called by their religious profession; not of celibacy. A great many are married. It rests with themselves to consider if they can carry on their work as well married as single.

II. Of Poverty. The officers all live upon their pay. There are over twelve thousand of them. What do they receive?

The general takes nothing, not a farthing.

One officer draws £200 a year and a house.

Another draws £150 a year and a house.

A third draws the same. This officer exchanged a position in the Indian Civil Service worth £1200 a year and the usual prospects for this other highly paid appointment.

The crowd of colonels, majors, captains, and lieutenants receive from 15s. to 30s. a week.

In fact they are all as poor as church rats. "Not one of us," said one of them to me, "has a banker's account." Their work is laborious; it is never ending, it is anxious, and it is rewarded by the

magnificent salary of, say—five-and-twenty shillings, with no prospect of a rise! What is this but the vow of poverty?

III. Of Obedience. Above all things it is necessary to enforce obedience and discipline. This is effected not by a vow, but by an organization based upon a military system. There has been a great deal of pleasant derision—easy, too, which caused an extensive diffusion of the pleasantry—on the titles of colonel and captain and so on. Now, consider a little. How was the founder to create the spirit of obedience and discipline? There seemed no other way than to copy the ranks and degrees of an army. In an army there is not only the obedience of every man to the general: there is the obedience of every man to his superior officer; there is the authority of every officer over his subordinate officer. Discipline and obedience become the concern of every single man in the Army. Moreover, the titles are such as are understood by everybody. Down to the lowest we all understand the meaning of captain and sergeant.

The Franciscans in England at first drew to themselves all hearts; their church in London became the shrine, the chosen house, of dead queens and princes, and noble lords and stately ladies. The merchants vied with each other in building and decorating a church worthy of the friars. So long as they remained poor, so long as they obeyed the rule, so long as they led the life of their profession, their work prospered, their name and fame increased. Soon, however, corruption began: the friars fell off from their pristine zeal, then their work lost its reality; the love of the people died away: long before the dissolution the citizens of London had ceased to remember them in their wills; when the gates were closed upon the venerable foundation beside the Shambles there were but fifteen friars left in all that great House which had once numbered so many.

Their story should be a lesson to the Salvation Army, who are the modern Franciscans. Theirs is a mission to go

down, down, down among the depths where there is ever a lower depth still; theirs is the task to raise the worst and the most hopeless. At present, I am firmly convinced, they are moved one and all by the most sincere pity, the most real and pure passion of pity, for the outcasts of the world. They are ruled by an organization which seeks to produce its results by personal service, self-denial, enthusiasm, and sympathy. They are controlled and regulated by a system and an order which I cannot find in any other institution in the world. To me it has been for many years an ever-increasing delight to watch this society growing, developing, inventing, and creating, in every direction of humanitarian effort.

But they must remain poor. They must always remain poor. That is essential. They must never let the world suspect that the old passion of devotion is decaying. The last words of the dying Catherine Booth were a command. "Self-denial," she said, "will prove your love to Christ." Therefore they must remain poor.

And they must remain obedient. In order to ensure this obedience and to make it an actual, vital, inseparable part of the work, there is nothing possible but the machinery of an army.

The "Army," then, consists of the general, the officers, and the rank and file; of the officers there are over twelve thousand; of the latter nobody knows how many there are, for every day brings its new additions and its desertions; the latter fact is sometimes charged against the society as if it were not a thing inevitable. The whole of the central funds are banked and invested in the name of the general. In this, as in the three conditions of chastity, poverty, and obedience, the general follows, perhaps unconsciously, the method pursued by the Jesuits, by all the Roman Catholic bishops, and by the heads of all the mediæval orders.

It used to be pretended that the sole possession of the money meant the enrichment of the general first and his family next. It never meant anything of the kind. Although the money lies

in his name the general cannot touch a farthing. None of the money can be taken out except by consent of a committee of finance. We have seen already what magnificent salaries are provided for the leading officials.

This organization is spreading over the whole world; everywhere it is holding its meetings for the religious side and creating Refuges and Homes for its social side. Over and above the twelve thousand officers, there are forty-two thousand voluntary workers. It is not too much to say that by far the greater part of these people are filled through and through with the true spirit of the missionary. So long as this spirit remains, so long will the work go on and prosper. In course of time decay and corruption will doubtless set in; but not so long as those three essentials are preserved; not so long as the life is hard and thankless; not so long as the Army is attacked by such letters as the one I have mentioned above.

The note of personal service instead of paid service is not struck by General Booth alone; one feels it in the air; there is an immense number of young men and maidens, quite outside the Army, who are now giving personal unpaid service for the help of the very poor. These people work in the parish, or they work for a "settlement." They do not, however, work in one great body intelligently controlled and directed; they are not under the orders of superior officers, and they do not, as Booth's Legion do, give to the work their whole strength, their whole soul, their whole mind, their whole time. Even though there are here and there associations and societies covering much the same ground, they are small associations, they only cover part of the ground, and their work is not part of one great connected scheme.

What is, then, the reason why the social, as well as the religious, Army is viewed with jealousy and suspicion by the Church of England? First, there is the difference of treatment. The Church still retains something of her old scholarly manner; it still continues to think that the methods which appeal

to people of some refinement can appeal to persons of no refinement; there still lingers in the Church something of the old Puritanic opinion that the whole duty of the clergy is to preach, and of the people to attend for the sermon. General Booth is not fettered by these traditions; he is free to adopt methods which the people understand, language which they understand, appeals which they understand, and he does not trouble them with doctrine. I have never heard, however, that he teaches his people to entertain any kind of hostility towards the Anglican or any other Church.

There is another and a stronger reason; it is exactly the same reason why the secular clergy four hundred years ago hated the regulars. For the latter trampled on the parish; they heard the confessions which should have been made to the parish priest; they sang masses which should have been sung in the church; they collected money which should have been given to the parish; they became the spiritual directors of the people; they ignored the vicar. Just in the same way the Salvation Army establishes a place in every town; draws into the ranks the young people most emotional, most easily influenced by religious feeling, most "likely" for parish purposes. They pay no heed to the parish, they ignore the vicar; and the greatest work ever attempted for the relief of the poor, the rescue of criminals, the reformation, elevation, and civilization of the outcast class, has been organized and is going on, is advancing by leaps and bounds, is covering the whole world, without the help or the advice or the leadership of bishop, priest, or minister. This, I believe, is the chief reason why the social work of the Salvation Army is looked upon by the Church as a body with jealousy and suspicion and dislike. Will the Church ever be able to take over the Salvation Army? Never. It is not possible. The only way, the best way, is for the Church to recognize far more freely than has hitherto been the case, the importance and the reality of the social work undertaken by the most remark-

able man that the history of social endeavor has yet presented to the world.

WALTER BESANT.

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.
WITH ALL HER HEART.¹

BY RENE BAZIN.

Translated for the Living Age.

CHAPTER XXI.

Henriette's first thought, when she entered the workroom the next day was of Marie, whom she had not seen since she went away. All the other girls came crowding around the new head-milliner, eager for news.

"Good-morning, Mlle. Henriette! Bless me, how tired you look! Did you have a pleasant journey? Oh, tell us all about Reboux and Esther Meyer! Are the autumn fashions pretty?"

She answered these inquiries gaily, and then made her way to Marie who was established at the far end of the table near the window, and appeared absorbed in her needlework. "Well, Marie! Aren't you going to say good-morning?"

Marie lifted a pair of sombre eyes, and as quickly let them fall. "Good-morning," she said mechanically. "Are you well?"

"It is evident," observed Henriette quietly, "that I had been away quite long enough. Here's my own Marie in the blues, because she could not live without me!"

The girl made no reply.

"Are you coming with me to see Reine next Sunday?"

"No, I cannot," said Marie, still stitching rapidly.

"Have you another engagement?"

"Yes."

"Fancy that!" exclaimed Henriette, as she moved away to give out the work.

Nevertheless, her friend's dark mood made her anxious. Over and over again she glanced toward the window,

but on the rare occasions when she succeeded in meeting Marie's eyes, they seemed to her to wear exactly the same gloomy and self-centred expression as on that first evening when she had come up the staircase saying, "There's no work to be had, is there?"

That night she was detained by Mme. Clémence when the girls dispersed, and had no chance for a word with Marie; "but to-morrow," she thought, "I shall surely find time to walk home with her, and learn what she has on her mind."

On the morrow, however, Marie did not come, nor did she even send an excuse; and Henriette questioned Reine who knew her better than the others did: "Do you think she is ill? Has she complained at all, in these last days?"

Reine said "no," but the color came into her pale face, and Henriette felt very uneasy. It gave her an additional shock on the next day, when she entered the workroom at about half past eight, to perceive that Marie, who was usually the first to arrive, had not yet made her appearance. The room was empty; the weather, abominable. Henriette opened her drawer, took out her own materials and waited, thinking: "Perhaps it is the storm that has detained her. She lives so far away." Then the apprentice came; then Mathilde, Lucie, Jeanne, Reine, Irma—everybody except Marie. The creak of the opening door, the noise of dragging footsteps, exclamations of "What horrible weather," the ringing of iron ferules in the basin of the umbrella-stand, the dragging of stools toward the table,—one by one, all these sounds of morning preparation ceased, and were replaced by whispered monosyllables, the rustling of gathered tulle, or the snipping of wire. And still Marie's place remained empty.

The other girls were as well aware of her absence as was Henriette. Some of them knew the reason,—there was so little they did not know!—but they only said, "That's the second time this week. Perhaps she has been excused," and several of them exchanged sharp looks. They were too much impressed by the head-milliner's fondness for the girl to

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speak out. And still the rain lashed the panes, and the wind made a noise behind the sheet-iron chimney-board, as of cats incessantly tearing up and down and scuffling.

Henriette ate no dinner, for she was now sick with anxiety. All she desired was to get through the day somehow, then hurry to that door in the Rue St. Similien and knock and call, "Marie! Marie!"

But the busy autumn season was upon them; there was a rush of customers, and the workroom did not close until half past seven. Even so, and in spite of the driving tempest, Henriette broke away from the others at Mme. Clémence's door, and went, not down toward the quays, but up.

The rain drenched the bottom of her skirts; the wind lifted flakes of froth from the overflowing gutters and sent them flying through the air. No one was to be seen in the streets except a few cab-drivers who sat bent forward upon their boxes, with the rain running from their hat-brims, and gazed curiously after the girl who sped so fast through the storm. She was, in fact, going at a breathless pace, and soon the darker night of the poor quarter was about her. Passing through the Place Bretagne, she entered the Place du Marchix which was surrounded by very old houses, and looked as though it had been transformed into a marsh—half its gaslights having been extinguished by the gale. There, high up, on the right, lived Antoine, and "Oh," thought Henriette, "can it be he—my brother—who has ruined her?" She suspected the truth, for it had come to her remembrance, that the other night at dinner when she named Marie, Antoine had appeared annoyed; and that symptom, taken in connection with previous events, had made her almost certain of what she feared. "And it was through me she knew him," was her constant thought.

Midway of the square she stopped, looked up at the attics, and discerned a faint light behind one of the window-panes. She had a gleam of hope. He was there. He had not gone out;

and Henriette waded on through the streams that deluged the pavement. Emerging at last in the Rue St. Similien, she plunged into a dark archway where the wind bellowed like a fog-horn, and passed through it as best she might, contending with the gusts. For this was the place—at the end of the passage on the left. There was no light except in the upper stories, and Henriette mounted the five steps leading to the dreary corridor, and felt her way along the slimy wall, frightened to feel herself alone, and so close to the disclosure of the secret which had brought her hither. She could hear the uncertain scratching of her finger-nails on the wall, but was long in finding the door. At last, however, she recognized the sharp edge of a wooden moulding, and with a sinking heart, but gathering all her strength she called—"Marie!"

The wind drowned her weak accents, and she called again, louder—"Marie!"

A light footstep now became audible on the other side of the wall, a ray of light crossed the passage, and the door opened. It was Marie who stood there, and Henriette pressed on, her wet skirts clinging to her ankles. But the other fell back before her, thrusting out her hand as though to avoid all contact with her visitor:—

"You ought not to have come!" she cried, in a voice of anguish. "No, no. Stand back! Don't come any nearer!"

Henriette paused, as though stupefied. Her friend was leaning against a table on which was burning a petroleum lamp which they had bought on one of their happy expeditions together. She was dressed for going out, and her clothes were all brand new, and almost elegant: a broad-brimmed black hat, surmounted by tall feathers of a violent red; a black collar bordered, like the hat, with tinkling jet; high-heeled boots which had the effect of increasing her stature; gloves and a silk umbrella laid over one arm. She held her head high, and looked pale and resolute as though prepared to acknowledge everything.

"I came, Marie, the moment work was over. I did not think—"

"You didn't think it was true—is that it? Well, what if it were?"

Hiding the sharp pain that stabbed her to the heart, Henriette advanced along the table, on the other side of the lamp, and said gently, in the tone of an elder sister: "Just say, Marie, that this is only some mad prank of yours. Take off your mantle and let me sit down. I want a little talk."

But Marie continued to draw back. Those eyes of hers from whose gloomy depths arrested passion had driven every atom of tenderness, shone with the hard brilliancy of false jewels.

"No," she said coldly. "I am no longer worthy of your acquaintance. Please to go!"

"Only let me speak, and then I will go if you say so—and never come again!"

"You can say nothing which will make any difference—nothing." She folded her arms, as she spoke, and leaned slightly forward, the lamplight throwing into strong relief the angry smile upon her lips.

"It is all over—do you understand? I have had all I want of misery and all I want of your tiresome virtue. I don't believe in anything at all! I haven't long to live, and I mean to enjoy myself. I am a lost girl. What business is it of yours whether it was he, or some one else?"

She hesitated and then added, after a moment's pause. "I have an engagement. I must go."

Henriette flung out both hands, as though to hold her back. "Oh," she cried, "you don't know him!"

"I know him better than you do, who hate him!"

"He has deceived you! He has to go and join his regiment."

"I know that."

"He promised to marry you, did he not? And you believed him!"

"No."

"Not even that! Not even that!" Henriette covered her face with her hands and sobbed. But the other, with head thrown back and arms still crossed, defying life and death no less than the neighbors who might be lis-

tening upon the open stairway, said in a loud voice:—

"I love him."

The sound of weeping was her only answer, until, withdrawing from her face the tear-stained fingers, Henriette also began slowly to fall back, her eyes fixed always upon Marie. Slowly the light disclosed her pale, drawn, wet, features, and the loose locks of her blonde hair, disordered by the wind. One moment she lingered in the doorway, then turned, and the last movement of remorse, the last effort of pity vanished with her into the night.

Nine o'clock found her at home writing in the little grey note-book:—

"I did not know how much I loved her. I did not think she could have made me suffer so. She has fallen—and she has turned me out of doors. I—who thought I was leading her back to an honest life, and felt so happy! I used to think I might sometime help her to put on her white wedding-gown. Poor, dear, lost sister! Even now I cannot help thinking that if I had known her when she was quite small, I might have kept hold of her. But I had not the strength for it, and she had already suffered too much. When you have worked hard, and have nothing to live on, when temptation is everywhere and help nowhere, then the day comes when you remember that you are a woman—and all is over."

Henriette ceased to write. She was alone in her chamber, worn out with fatigue. The rain still beat heavily against the window, and a feeling of unspeakable dejection had come over her. Not with entire impunity do we ever find ourselves in close contact with a living and unrepentant sin. For three days now she had been haunted by an evil dream; and she seemed at this moment to be experiencing, in spite of herself, all the peculiar temptations which must ever attend a life as laborious as hers. She felt the sting of every admiring look she had attracted since she was old enough to be insulted; that is to say, ever since that far away time when the little apprentice had gone forth with a linen cap upon her head,

and a basket on her arm. The eyes of all manner of men—young, old and middle-aged seemed to envelop her in their lust. She heard the words that were muttered behind her in the street, the equivocal observations of shopkeepers and their clerks; she read again the letters in which offers had been made to set her up in dressmaking, or millinery. She was oppressed by a vision of all the manifold snares which had been laid for her, and which she had the habit of avoiding almost without a thought—of that indefatigable persecution which nothing can surprise and nothing discourage. The world appeared to her in all its brutal ugliness, bent on the ruin of the poor and the weak, of those who might at least claim so much indulgence as should spare them the knowledge of life when they have hardly begun to live, the need of self-defence, when self support is already too much. Overcome by that distrust of self, which more than all things else renders the forgiveness of others easy, the words burst from her:—

"Oh, my Lord, let me not fall, in my turn!"

Henriette was sore afraid. She longed to get away from the sinister thoughts that gnaw like vermin around faults once laid bare. But whither should she fly for shelter? How repel this dire invasion of suddenly awakened memories? She took refuge in thoughts of those years of infancy when her mother was yet living and she had been safe under the shadow of her wing. She made a great effort to recall the faces of the few young girls of her acquaintance who had been happily married, endeavoring to offset by their example the dark fancies of that evil night. Finally she opened the glass doors of her little bookcase, and took out a very old prayer-book, once given her by one of the convent sisters.

Strips of discolored paper marked the places which she had loved best when she was a child, but which she had not now re-read for a long time. They were mostly invocations to the Virgin, and canticles which sang the victory of the ransomed soul over the temptations

of the flesh. Assheran over the familiar words, they revived the same feelings that she used to have, when she had hardly understood what she read. The old childish passion for perfect purity awoke within her—the peace of spiritual aspiration. But now it was no more, as of old, a mere flight of silent thought. She longed to hold out helping hands and draw others after her in her ascent. "I will rescue her yet," she thought, "my Marie! And in every poor, little, unprotected girl in our neighborhood, I shall see her, and love them for her sake. Ah," she reflected pitifully as she closed the little old book, "if she had only been as carefully guarded as I was,—as well taught,—if she had had our mother!"

CHAPTER XXII.

Nevertheless, Henriette experienced a cruel sense of isolation. She had become so much attached to Marie in these few months that after the break with her she seemed not to have a single friend. In vain did Reine try to anticipate her every wish, and the other girls accept with perfect good-nature the sway of the new head-milliner. Henriette was conscious of a great void—a feeling of having been deserted. After an absence of three days Marie had been dismissed, and Mme. Clémence had engaged in her place another young girl, to whom Henriette could not become accustomed. She taxed herself with being hard on the child, who did indeed turn upon her sometimes a look which seemed to say, "Why do you treat me so differently from all the others?"

A great change was slowly going on within Henriette's own breast. It was as though the late painful incident had awakened her to a new and deeper consciousness of human suffering. Her heart overflowed with pity, and instead of seeking consolation in the thought of Etienne's love, she sought it in oblivion of self. Instinctively, almost involuntarily she gave herself out to the miserable multitudes who beset her pathway, as though she herself were not made for the love of one man, but for the ob-

seure, nameless, undemonstrative, and infinitely divisible affection of the masses. Long before she even knew Etienne, she had received, without herself suspecting it, the pathetic avowal of those who are not loved in return. It was they who had saved her from the gulf into which others fall, who had given her the joyful sense of being helpful and useful, who had thanked her with their tears. Just now this recollection impelled her toward them—not wholly and irrevocably as yet, but powerfully.

On Sundays, if she did not go out with her uncle, she used to pass an hour or two with her neighbors under the trees of the Avenue St. Anne, whither the autumn sunshine attracted the women and children. No one was afraid of her any more. She had been adopted. Occasionally, but always on some errand connected with these people, she would pay a visit to the parish priest, an old man whose garden overlooked the Rue de la Hautière, and then they would talk over the affairs of their common charge.

Now and then, however, a chance meeting or a suddenly awakened reminiscence would throw her back upon other dreams. One morning, on her way from the Rue de l'Hermitage to the shop, she found herself walking behind two newly married lovers, humble people like herself, whose youth was their only riches. The mere fact of having seen and passed close to this pair sufficed to trouble the soul of the girl with visions of love, such as come wafted on the breezes of spring when the black thorn is in flower, and she said to herself, "When Etienne comes back I will say 'yes,' and we will go off together gaily like these two, and everybody who sees us will understand." But then again, these girlish impulses would vanish, and after a visit to the little cripple Marcelle Esnault, or to Vivien, or some other of the unfortunates whom she could comfort a little, and sometimes beguile into laughter, she would say to herself in her secret heart, "I know I shall never be able to leave them. They are my life."

More than any one else, and more than ever before, Eloi Madlot had need of her presence, and of the encouragement she was able to give to people in trouble—as though she had herself no trouble except theirs. He was still crushed by the discovery which he had made, and uncertain how to act. The idea of having a definitive explanation with Antoine was most alarming, and he let the weeks glide by, still putting off the evil day. He accused himself of cowardice, but he did not act. Henriette found him more taciturn than was his wont, and could not bring herself to believe that old age was the only cause. She even said, "Why won't you tell me everything? You are worried about something, and what am I for, if not to know?" But he made her no answer.

In the third week of November, some days before the day fixed for the departure of the conscripts, Eloi at last made up his mind to the step which he dreaded so much. He lay in wait for his nephew at the factory-door, and said when the latter came out:—

"Look here, Antoine! I was angry with you the other evening, when you spoke slightly of the army, but we can't part like this! You'll be free on the last day before you go. Will you come and take a glass with me somewhere?"

Surprised, and suspicious as usual, the workman reflected an instant before replying: "If you will promise not to speak of M. Lemarié, I'll come with pleasure."

And so the last day arrived before the one on which Antoine was to leave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From The Scottish Review.
SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.¹

When in 1890 it was announced that Mr. Bernard Quaritch was about to publish, under the editorship of Wil-

¹ The Saga Library. Done into English out of the Icelandic by William Morris and Eiríkr Magnússon. Vol. I., *Howard the Halt, The Banded Men, Hen Thorir*; Vol. II., *The Story of the Eredwellers*; Vols. III., IV., and V., *The Heimskringla*.

liam Morris and Eiríkr Magnússon, a more complete series of Icelandic sagas than had hitherto been attempted, the intimation evoked considerable interest and curiosity among lovers of Northern literature. The translation and publication of the sagas had been previously done in a spasmodic manner by independent workers, and though much valuable and genuine work had been done by individuals, *e.g.*, Dasent and Vigfusson, yet the idea of a sustained and organized attempt to collect and re-edit previous translations, many of which were buried in publications long ago out of print, to translate those which had not been previously rendered into English, and to publish the whole in an accessible form, was one which appealed to a wide circle of readers and students of Northern literature. The programme which the editors set before themselves, though it did not include nearly all the sagas extant, involved a task of considerable magnitude. The fruits of the years that have elapsed since the intimation of publication have been the five volumes above mentioned, being the first instalment of the fifteen volumes promised.¹

The knowledge of the beauties and power of Northern literature is of comparatively recent growth in this country. As early as 1797 a metrical translation of Saemund's "Edda," by A. S. Cottle, was published at Bristol, but the book which brought the romance of Norse mythology popularly before the English people was the unscientific but delightfully written "Northern Antiquities" of P. H. Mallet. This book, translated into English by Bishop Percy, diffused a knowledge of Northern mythology among scholars, and whetted their taste for further information. But no

great effort was made in this direction until Sir George Webbe Dasent began his series of translations, which brought home to us some of the finest things in Icelandic literature, presented in an English garb not unworthy of the originals. His translation of the prose "Edda," in 1842, was followed in 1858 by his Oxford essay on "The Norsemen in Iceland. The latter gave an admirable representation of the life and manners of the saga-time, depicted by one who had caught its spirit. Shortly after Dasent's first volume, came a translation of the *Heimskringla*, in 1844, from the pen of Samuel Laing. In 1861 and 1866 Dasent's two great masterpieces were published, "Burnt Njal" and "Gisli the Outlaw." About this time it appears that the interest in Norse literature must have been stirred up anew, for in 1866 we have the admirable translation of the short saga of *Viga Glum*, by Sir Edmund Head, and in 1869 the present editors made their first venture in this realm of literature. "The Saga of *Grettir the Strong*" was followed in 1870 by the "Story of the *Volsungs and Niblungs*," and in 1875 by "Three Northern Love Stories." In 1873 the *Orkneyinga* saga was published by Dr. Joseph Anderson, and we may just notice in passing the several works of Rasmus B. Anderson. It was left for Gudbrand Vigfusson to give the most critical and comprehensive exposition of the whole literature, first in the *Prolegomena* to the "Sturlunga Saga" (1878), and in 1883, more amply, in the monumental work, the "*Corpus Poeticum Boreale*," which reaches the high-water mark of criticism in Norse literature.

The development of Northern literature presents one of the most remarkable phenomena in the literary history of the world, whether we consider its extent and originality, its unique character and history, or its rare artistic and literary merit. The poetry and the sagas of the North gave expression to the highest ideals of the Homeric age of our forefathers. There are embedded in that literature the deepest thoughts and the grandest aspirations of the Teutonic race. Well has the late

¹ Since this article was written, we have to deplore the death of Mr. William Morris, the chief editor of the series. So far as we are aware, the publishers have not made any announcement whether they intend to continue the series, and if so, who is to take Mr. Morris's place, but there is no doubt it would be a misfortune if the loss of Mr. Morris were to stop the enterprise when it was but well begun, and deprive us of the publication of some of the most interesting of the sagas.

Vigfusson, one of the most arduous workers in the field, said: "The men from whom these poems sprung took no small share in the making of England; their blood is in our veins, their speech in our mouths. . . . And if there be, as the sage has said, no ingratitude so base as self-forgetfulness, surely we, of all men, should look back to the great Wicking-tide as a momentous era in the world's history and our own."

"The great Wicking-tide" was a time of restless stir and movement among the Scandinavian races, during which these roving spirits were moulding the destinies of nations, our own amid the rest. The history of Scotland in the ninth and tenth centuries, and that of Orkney and Shetland during a much longer period, is inwrought with that of the Scandinavians, who have contributed in no small degree to the building up of our character, our civilization, and our literature. The courage and daring of the Viking has added grit and energy to our national character, the freshness and simplicity of his genius has moulded and chastened our literature, and to the blood of the hardy and skilful Norwegian sailor we must trace, in some measure, our great enterprise on the sea.

It was in the second half of the ninth century that the liberty-loving spirits in Norway, who brooked not the harsh yoke of Harold Fairhair, were ousted from Norway by his policy of consolidation, and driven to find more peaceful settlements beyond the sea, in the far-distant Iceland, where they founded a unique commonwealth under new conditions of existence, which gave rise to a literature that, in many respects, is without parallel in the world. The great storehouse of the records of this literature, and the most fertile centre of its activity was, no doubt, Iceland. To her people we are indebted for shaping it into a literary vehicle of thought, and for preserving many of its unique monuments in a literary form. But the area of old Northern literature may be said to be much wider, embracing Scandinavia, Orkney, and Shetland, the Western Islands of Scotland, and Isle

of Man, all of which have contributed something in scene, or character, or incident, and perhaps some of them in authorship, to Northern literature.

Exhibiting the usual characteristic of other great literatures in finding expression first in poetry, and only in prose at a later period, when the written language had become more mature, Northern literature divides itself into two great sections—(1) the *Lays*, commonly called the *Eddic Poetry*, and (2) the *Sagas* or *Prose Histories*. There are two so-called *Eddas*. The term was first applied to a work of Snorri Sturlason's on the "Poetic Art," which contained a digest of Northern mythology, but no satisfactory explanation has been given of how it came to be so applied. *Edda* is not an Icelandic word, occurring only once in Icelandic literature, in the *Lay of Thrym*, where it means "grandmother." "*Edda*" meant in the Middle Ages the technical laws of metre. When the *Lays* were subsequently discovered in 1642, these were erroneously and at haphazard called *Saemund the Historian's Edda*, from their supposed compiler. The inventors of this dual authorship for the two *Eddas* may be said to have been Biorn of Scardsa, and Arngrim the Learned, two Icelandic scholars who lived in the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The poetic *Edda* is a collection of old Northern poetry composed in different ages and by different unknown authors. It is the chief source of our knowledge of the early poetry of the peoples of the North. The great mass of Northern poetry is epic and lyric in form, and much of it is mystical in character. Its earliest examples take the form of saws and proverbs of great pith and wisdom, others deal with mythological subjects, giving an anthropological account of creation, and attempting to explain the spark of divinity in man. These mythic poems show great range and power of thought in their conceptions, and in them is elaborated that wonderful system of mythology, which, though rude in many respects, shows such a strong grasp of the principles and realities of life.

Everywhere they are characterized by that robustness and vigor of thought which marks the Scandinavian genius. There is throughout a nervous energy of word-painting, an intellectual restraint, which intensifies the effect, like the speech of Hilding in Frithlof's saga, who spake in words of wisdom—deep, short, pithy pleas—that rang like strokes of swords. The bold and original conceptions, and the artistic method in which they are fashioned and moulded, make these creations permanent part of the world's literature. The great variety of character—the serious and the sublime—the satirical and the comic—shows the wealth and versatility of genius with which our Scandinavian forefathers were endowed.

In the quasi-historic poems and ballads we find the germs of the stories of many of the traditional heroes round whom the Teutonic races centred their greatest ideals. The chief theme which has fascinated the minds of Northern poets is the story of Sigurd, the champion of the Volsungs, and his ill-fated descendants. The individual poems of this series differ from one another in style, composition, and antiquity. In the earlier, the mythical portions are highly developed, and the archaic, didactic, style very marked. In the later, the direct dramatic fervor makes the play of human interest, and the surging of human passion, all paramount. The story, with its trail of hereditary curse, contains the elements of awful tragedy, where the hand of fate seems to probe the depths of human misery, and to stir up the most profound human passions.

Into the plausible, interesting, and still debatable theory of the western origin of these poems, we do not enter, but must pass on to the second section of this literature, which is more immediately under review. The saga or prose tale was the distinctive product of Iceland. It was a form that suited the genius of the people no less than the conditions of life in the island. There was no music or dancing in the old time, but in a climate necessitating long

periods of enforced leisure, it was the custom in the long winter evenings for the whole family to gather in the common room, and while the good man mended his farm implements or sharpened up his weapons, and the good wife sat at her spinning-wheel, they listened to some skilful Skald reciting the adventures of a great local or national hero. Such, too, was the practice at the long Yule feast in the dead of winter, and at the annual Althings—the Parliament and Court of Justice of the Icelanders. These gatherings, like the Isthmian games of Greece, fostered the ideas of unity and brotherhood among a people apt to scatter into family and district groups, whose union was thus strengthened and promoted by their pride in the common heritage of noble deeds, which were thus periodically retailed, and ultimately took permanent shape in the form of a saga.

The Icelandic sagas chronicle the events that took place in the heroic age of Iceland—that brief period of stir and change from 890 to 1030, succeeding the settlement of the island. It was an age of enterprise and great endeavor, when both at home and abroad the heroes of the race, now one and now another, were performing deeds of derring-do that stirred the hearts of men. The sagas gave expression to the innermost heart of that restless age, within which lived Njal and Gunnar, and Gisli, Grettir, Snorri, Scapti, Kiartan, and all the other warriors and law-men who were the history-makers of Iceland. To this succeeded the story-telling age, when the sagas lived on the lips and in the hearts of the people, and in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries they received their final and definite literary form at the hands of the scribes on whom depended the choice of diction, the literary power and grace, imparted to the narrative. The nameless authors who clothed Njala or Gisli's saga in its present garb, with all the graces of diction, symmetry and balance of construction, must have been writers of no mean genius.

As a form of composition, the saga is a kind of prose epic, governed by its

own literary laws, marked by recurring set phrases, and following a regular scheme of literary workmanship. The whole conception, centring round a single figure or a group of characters, is highly artistic and well-balanced. The story is realistic, full of dramatic incident, uninterrupted by scenic descriptions or character analysis. It was the Sagaman's greatest endeavor to make his characters live. The tale is told with so much circumstantiality that the listener instinctively feels that it is a narrative of actual facts that the Scald is reciting. The saga is, therefore, one of the purest forms of epic narrative.

Many Icelanders were famous for their recitation of these tales. They practised it at home and at the courts of foreign kings. The gift was highly prized. The Scald must repeat the tale as truthfully and fairly as he had received it. Any abuse of the sacred gift was bitterly resented by the company and sometimes swiftly avenged. Thus, in the *Orkneyinga Saga*, after the feast in the Hall of Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, given just before the earl sailed for the battle of Clontarf—the great battle of the faiths—Gunnar Lambi's son, in telling of the burning of Njal, unfairly represents that Scarpheddin, Njal's son, had wept. Thereupon, Karl, the friend of Njal, draws his sword and smites off Gunnar's head, and the earl is bespattered with his blood. Yet from their innate love of fairness and resentment at Gunnar's breach of Scaldic etiquette, the men around back up the slayer, and call shame on the perverter of the truth. On the other hand, we have a pretty picture in the *Hawksbok* of a reward given for a well told tale. A sailor tells his fellows the story of King Vicar's life as they bivouac beside his home, and the grateful ghost of the king appears to the story-teller, and bids him take the treasures of his grave for his fee.

The Sagas may be roughly divided into three groups: (1). The Icelandic Sagas, which deal with life and character in Iceland. (2). The Historic Sagas, *e.g.*, *Heimskringla*, *Orkneyinga*, *etc.* (3). The Mythical or Romantic

Sagas, *e.g.*, *The Volsung and Frithiof's Sagas*. Besides these there are many miscellaneous stories and biographies difficult to classify.

The Icelandic Sagas are most interesting from a purely literary point of view. The five great Icelandic Sagas, *Njala*, *Gretla*, *Laxdaela*, the *Eyrbyggja* and *Egil's Saga*, which are works of pre-eminent literary merit, are all found in the prospectus of the series now under review. But the *Eyrbyggja* alone has yet been published.

Njal's Saga is called the *Saga of Law*, for Njal was the greatest lawyer of his day, and the inheritor of the traditions of other great lawyers. The pictures of the scenes at the Althing during the decisions of the great lawsuits which are here narrated, throw a flood of light upon the history of Icelandic law, and, at the same time afford most delightful examples of the keen and sagacious intellect of the people. The *Saga* illustrates most remarkably the great reverence of a primitive community for the majesty of the law, even when law was unwritten, and simply embodied in the oral traditions of men reputed for subtlety and learning. It was the pride and delight of every man to preserve the stream of justice untainted, and their deep seated reverence for their ideal, and their ready acquiescence in authority, is worthy of all imitation. For truthfulness and beauty, for literary grace of expression, for symmetry and balance of plot, for sharp clear delineation of character, and above all for the pathos and tragedy of the whole, *Njala* stands alone, even amid the Sagas. The fascination of its pages is irresistible, but the heart cries out, "Oh, the pity of it," as we follow those heroes, Njal, the wise hearted, patient man, Gunnar, the peerless man of honor, rectitude and courage, Scarpheddin, the bold impetuous warrior, and see them unavailingly, but so sagaciously and courageously striving to beat off the arm of fate, conscious all the time that destiny is drawing its meshes closer and closer, until Gunnar dies at the hands of his enemies in his own house, and Njal per-

ishes amid the burning ashes of his homestead, along with his devoted wife and his whole family of brave sons.

The Saga of Grettir the Strong illustrates the Icelandic proverb, "Good parts and good luck are very different things." Grettir was reputed the strongest man in Iceland, and his many adventures form the theme of the story, his strange fight with Glam, the ghost, his robbing of the home of Karr the old, and his capture of the good short sword that went with him all his life, his outlawry and many years' wanderings, his dwelling among the trolls, and his famous fight and death on the lonely island of Drangey in the Arctic Sea. There are many points of interest about the Saga, such as, the Æschylean character of the hero, the reminiscences of traditions common both to the Norwegian and the Anglo-Saxon branches of the race, the semi-supernatural episodes, illustrating the old belief of the people, and the touching examples of brotherly and maternal love shown to Grettir.

The *Eyrbyggja Saga*, or the Story of the Eredwellers, is the only one of the great Icelandic Sagas that has yet been published in the series. So far as we can judge from the volumes already published, the series will prove to be a most valuable one, and will form such another landmark in the history of the development of Northern literature as the "*Corpus Poeticum Boreale*" did. The work is being done with great care and painstaking research, and the reputation of the authors ought to be a guarantee that the literary aspects of these works will not be lost sight of. But we would venture to enter a mild protest as to the style adopted in the translations. The stories are for the most part told concisely and well. But the editors have attempted to give them a smack of archaism by employing out of the way expressions, and a diction and construction that are unknown to the best English literature. They have attempted to attain to the realism of the Saga teller, but instead of realizing the living touch of genius with which he represented his char-

acters as clothed with flesh and spirit, they have too often attained only to the dead formalism of the mummy, or the hard set lines of the fossil. The result unfortunately is that the ordinary reader cannot peruse these translations with pleasure, as he is hampered by the use of these archaisms, which gives the style a stilted appearance, and causes it to lack the fluency and pliancy of our noble English speech. Some of the phrases and expressions, indeed, are so faulty as to be hardly worthy to be called English; they are, sometimes, scarcely intelligible. It is a great mistake to enshroud these classic works of the Icelandic tongue in anything but classic English.

In many respects the story of the Eredwellers is a most interesting and characteristic Saga. It has been called a string of gems, and the Sagaman himself has pointed out its tripartite character, by calling it the story of the Thornessings, the Eredwellers, and the Swanfirthers. It opens with a delightful description of the settlement of Broadfirth by Thorolf Mostbeard, the friend of Thor, and Biorn the Easterner, son of Ketil Flatneb, who had been outlawed by Harold Fairhair for usurping the lordship of the lands he had been sent to subdue for the king. Many striking glimpses of old world society are revealed in the story, such as the description of Geirrid's Hall, built athwart the highway, wherein was a table always spread, so that whosoever passed through, might eat. The Saga is famous for its description of Thor's temple, and the heathen cult of that god. The battle of Thorness Thing resulted from the overbearing spirit of the Kiallekings, who would not suffer that Thorstein Codbiter's field should be reckoned holier than any other, although his grandfather Thorolf had laid it down that no person, unwashed, should turn his eyes thither, and none should defile the place with blood. Moreover, Thorolf had erected a temple on Thorness. Within the doors stood the pillars of Thor's High Seat, and the god's nails

reverently brought by Thorolf from Norway, along with some of the mould of Thor's old temple there. On a stall in the inmost house of the temple, made in the fashion of an altar, with the gods set round about, lay a ring without a join, weighing twenty ounces, which the chief wore on his arm at all man moots, and on which men swore oaths. This is a variation, and perhaps a later development of the rude mythological symbol called Bragi's Stone, upon which, as we read in many of the Sagas, mighty vows for the performance of doughty deeds were taken. So in this same Saga, we read, that the oaths of Arnkel and eleven men upon the doom ring, that Geirrid had not witch-ridden Gunnlaug brought to naught the case of Thorbiorn and Snorri, so that they gat much shame therefrom. On the altar of Thorolf's temple stood the blood sprinkling rod, and the bowl filled with the blood of sacrifices. It would even seem as if human sacrifices were made in this temple, for the sagaman relates that there could be seen in his day the doom ring, where men were doomed to the sacrifice, and within the ring the stone of Thor, over which men were broken who were sacrificed. It is only in the closing chapters of the Saga, that we get an account of the introduction of Christianity into Iceland by Gizur, the White, and Hialti, his son-in-law. All men in Iceland were christened, and the Christian faith was made law at the Althing. It was Snorri the Priest who converted the men of Westfärth, the scene of this Saga, and he it was who built the famous church at Holyfell, near the site of Thorolf's temple of Thor. Men's desire for building churches was whetted by the curious promise that a man would have welcome place for as many men in heaven, as his church on earth could contain. The natural consequence was that so many churches were built that sufficient priests could not be got to serve in them.

This Saga must have been written by a man well versed in folk-lore, and whose mind was instinctively attracted

by the weird tales of ghosts and portents that abounded in the country-side. The shepherd of Thorstein Cod-biter has a foretoken of the drowning of Codbiter and his crew, when he sees the side of Holyfell open and hears the dwellers of the other world welcoming them to the realms of death. We are familiar enough with the character of Katla, the witch who throws a glamour over the eyes of her visitors so that her son, whose blood they seek, is turned into a goat, a bear or a rock. In the death and burial of Thorolf Haltfoot, we have a typical example of the significant belief of the heathen that the spirit of an evil man was turned into a troll after death and sent to work harm among his erstwhile kindred and friends. The face of the corpse is so baneful and loathsome that Arnkel will not look upon it before the lykewake. The oxen that draw the corpse founder with its weight, and then go mad and break away. The cattle that go near his house go mad and die; the very fowls flying over it fall dead; the herdsman is found "cold, blue, and every bone of him broken." The hall is troll-ridden, and terror pervades the whole country-side, until the body is disinterred and buried deep in a headland, across which a wall is built landwards. No man dare refuse to help at such a burial, even though it be that of his deadliest enemy. The incidents of this haunting are similar in many points to the famous contest of Grettir the Strong with Glam the Ghost, which, again, supplies or suggests the link between the Norse version of the superstition, and that brought over to England by the Anglo-Saxons in their poem of Beowulf. The sequel of the haunting, too, is interesting, for the sagaman has used it to produce an admirable literary effect. Years after Thorolf's burial, when Arnkel, his son—the good man of whom the troll stands in awe—is dead, the ghost of Thorolf again troubles the men of Ulfarsfell until his body is burnt to ashes on the strand. Then the fiendish spirit of the troll is transferred to a cow, which licks the stones where

Thorolf's bale-fire had been litten. She bears a calf, which grows up to be the famous bull, Glossy, supposed to be a troll. Glossy goes Thorod, his master, to death, and the fight gives rise to one of the most picturesque incidents in the story. The moral of the portents and wonders that take place at Frodis Water on Thorgunna's death seems to be that the evils were due to the covetousness of the good-wife, Thurid, who cast her eyes upon the rich bed-hangings of Thorgunna, and by her blandishments persuaded her husband not to burn them. The shower of blood, and the moon of weird that shines through the walls of the house, are portents of a unique kind, which betoken the death of Thorir Wooden-leg, his shepherds and carles. The sagaman displays a profound faith in the credulity of his hearers that is supremely attractive in its simplicity, when he tells, in serious guise, of Thorod Scat-catcher and his crew, who had been drowned at sea, returning nightly to sit at their own burial cell, until a door-doom is constituted against them by Kiartan. The scene of the expulsion of the ghosts is inimitably realistic, and surely never were the forms of human process glorified more highly, or their power more triumphant, than when each ghost, as the verdict of the door-doom is given, and his doom pronounced, solemnly rises from his place at the fire, and departs by the door before which the court was not fenced. Then when the priest bore hallowed water through the house, and sang all the hours and the mass with solemnity, the hauntings and ghost-walkings henceforth cease. The curious blending of Christian rites and heathen superstition did not strike the mind of the saga-teller as at all incongruous.

In an interpolated chapter, having comparatively little to do with the thread of the story, the sagaman introduces Eric the Red, the discoverer of Greenland, and tells how Eric, having to flee from Iceland for the slaughter of Thorgest's sons, sailed north and found his way to Greenland. On his

first voyage, which is reckoned as being fourteen winters before Christ's faith was made law in Iceland (*i.e.*, 986), he stayed three winters, and then returned to Iceland before finally returning to settle in Greenland. Later in the Saga, it is also related that the sons of Thorbrand fled to Greenland, where Thorleif Kimlie died in good old age, after giving his name to Kimlie's bay in Greenland, while Snorri fell in battle with the Skaerlings in Vineland the Good, as the Norsemen called the land they had discovered across the Western Seas, and which we now call America.

The second part of the Saga opens with an incident relating to those curious beings called Baresarks, who were not of the fashion of men when they were wroth, but went mad like dogs, and feared neither fire nor steel. But such men as were skin changers became void of might when the Baresark fury fell from them. The victorious Eric of Sweden had sent two Baresarks as a present to Eric of Norway, who in turn transferred them to Vermund, the Slender, who took them out to Iceland, and when they became too troublesome, he handed them over to his brother Stir. One of them presumptuously aspired to the hand of Asdis, Stir's daughter, and he treacherously slew them both by burning them alive in his hot bath.

In the story of the outlawry of Blorn the Broadwickers' Champion, we get a glimpse of the famous company of Jomsburg Vikings, who were for a long time the scourge of the Danish Seas. When Blorn slew the sons of Thorir Wooden-leg, he went South and joined the Jomsburg band, when the famous Palnatoki was captain, and he was reckoned by him a champion. Blorn was present at the battle of Fyrisfield, giving aid to Styrbjorn, and had to flee into the woods with the other Jomsburgers. Blorn's second and voluntary exile from Iceland, lest he should fall a victim to the charms of the good wife of Frodis Water, enables the sagaman to work up an incident of much beauty, full of many fine touches of romance.

When Gudleif, who was a great seafarer, is returning from a voyage to Dublin, late in the days of Olaf the Saint, he is driven upon a land of which he knew naught. Here he is rescued from the hands of the barbarous inhabitants by a chief who talks Icelandic, and betrays himself to be none other than Biorn, the Broadwickers' Champion, by his enquiries for his friend the good wife of Fordis Water and for his enemy Snorri the Priest, her brother. The mystery and romance of the discovery of the grey-headed old man in this far off, unknown country, is intensified by the suggestion that, for the honor of a Northman, Biorn has voluntarily exiled himself because he could not restrain his love for a woman whom he might never seek in marriage.

Part of the tragedy of the Saga arises out of the sport of Ball Play in Play-hall Meads, just as the catastrophe in Gisl's Saga starts from the Ball Play under Thorgrim's howe. There is a most graphic power of word painting in the incidents of the attempt of Egil the Strong to slay Biorn by hiding in the valley and then coming up under cover of the fire smoke, while his treacherous design is only frustrated by his stumble upon his tasselled shoe-tie, which he wore according to the custom of the time. Another glimpse of primitive custom is given in consequence of Egil's death, for it was the law that whoever slew a thrall should take home his weregild to his master, and must begin his journey before the third sun after the slaying, otherwise a blood suit lay against the slayer. So the Broadwickers fare to Karstead to carry the thrall's weregild, gathering strength from the houses of their friends as they pass, until the two parties of the country-side are matched against one another. They fasten a purse of twelve ounces of silver to the door-post and name witnesses thereto. Through the rashness of Thorbrand's sons, who are eager to pay off old scores, this leads to the great battle of Swanfirth between the forces of Snorri, the priest of Holyfell, and Steinthor of Ere. The fight is remarkable for a no-

tice of the curious ceremony performed by Steinthor, who, according to ancient custom, for his luck, cast the first spear clean over the head of Snorri's folk, although, in this case, the spear sought out a mark and put Mar out of the fight. Another great fight at Swordfirth, told with all the graphic power and love of detail familiar in the Sagas, winds up the story so far as the Ere-dwellers are concerned.

The Eyrbyggja affords a good example of the character of the Icelandic Sagas, which present a vigorous and truthful picture of the domestic, social and political life in Iceland in the ninth and tenth centuries. The life depicted is very stern and very earnest. Life and death lie very close together, and the Icelandic genius is thereby inclined towards the tragic vein. The Northman was a great fatalist,—so much so that the stories of many of the Sagas entwine themselves round the thread of destiny of a man or a family, foredoomed from the beginning. The Saga man takes a peculiar delight in showing how the hero is checkmated at every point of escape, priding himself upon his skill in forging the links of the chain that binds the victim down to his doom, and almost exulting as he finally launches him upon the fatal path of death. Thus in the Saga of Grettir the Strong, it is the working of the curse of Glam, the ghost, that gradually drags the strong man to his fate. Ever after the spell of ill-luck is cast over him by the vampire is he a luckless man, and never can he free himself from that character, or rid himself from the glare of the ghost's eyes that haunt him to his grave. So too the peerless Gunnar, though he knows that the restless malignity of his wife will work his doom, yet he patiently bears with her, and makes numberless atonements for the slaughters she instigates. Yet this is how she exults over hastening his death when driven to his last extremity by the attack of Glaur the White and Geir the priest,—“Gunnar turns to Hallgerda, his wife, ‘give me two locks of thy hair, ye two, my mother and thou, and twist them to-

gether into a bowstring for me.' 'Does aught lie on it,' says she. 'My life lies on it, for they will never come to close quarters with me if I can keep them off with my bow.' 'Well,' she says, 'now I will call to mind that slap on the face which thou gavest me, and I care never a whit whether thou holdest out a long while or a short.' So fell Gunnar, the peerless, resigned to his fate. As Gisli the outlaw said, when the chattering of Auda, his wife, and Asgerda his sister-in-law, started the avalanche of catastrophe, that was to overwhelm him and his house, "when things are once doomed, some one must utter the words that seem to bring them about," or as the Anglo-Saxon proverb expressed it, "what is to be goes ever as it must." Yet the cloud of fatalism which overshadowed the Norseman did not damp his ardor or unnerve his arm. On the contrary, it spurred him on to meet with a brave heart the fate which he himself is fully persuaded nothing can avert, for by courage and activity alone can he win the one thing which stands firm amid the mutability of all earthly things—the well earned fame of noble deeds. Thus their proverb said, "Goods perish, friends perish, a man himself perishes, but fame never dies to him that hath won it worthily." There is nothing that a Northman is more solicitous of than his reputation. Nothing can make him do a cowardly act or a deed that strikes against his peculiar code of honor. In scenes, of what we would term license, there is a line which the Northman never passes, and which none gives his fellow the credit of contemplating the possibility of overstepping, although they are restrained by nothing but the unwritten law of custom and honor. Thus, in all their feuds, there was a great gulf fixed between honorable slaughter in pursuance of a blood feud, and the dastardly crime of murder. It was murder to slay a man unawares and without proclaiming the deed. It was honorable slaughter to attack a man, to call upon him to take his weapons to defend himself, and when he was slain, either to

leave the weapon in the wound or to proclaim the deed to his next of kin. Even to leave the weapon in the wound was called secret manslaughter, and in early days, the duty of avenging the deed fell to him who extracted the weapon. When Vestein was slain in his bed by Thorgrim, in Gisli's Saga, Thord the thrall is afraid to take out the spear, and the blood tend falls to Gisli, who extracts it and casts it all bloody into a chest till the time comes when it will be again used in the sacred work of vengeance. Palnatoki, the founder of the Jomsburg Vikings, did not shrink from owning the arrow which had been the death of Harold Bluetooth, though he stood in the midst of all the Court of King Sweyn, his son.

War and love were two of the master passions of the Northmen. The blood-feuds and the lawsuits for slaughter usually constitute the links by which the incidents of a saga are threaded together. To the Northman war was a sacred, a holy thing, an appeal to the God of Battle, who ever gave victory to whom he would. Cheerfully did he meet his fate in battle, for it was a sign that he had been selected by the Valkyries, Odin's corpse choosers, to fill a place at the festive board of Valhalla. In every-day life, however, they were a hardworking frugal people, and amid the brawl and broil of bloodshed, ever and anon sweet pictures of domestic peace burst upon the view, rare examples of deep and long tried affection, brotherly love and devoted service, scenes of pastoral quiet and patriarchal simplicity, for the good man cuts his hay and herds his sheep as calmly as if he were quite unaware that the avenger of blood may be lurking in the next thicket. In such a state of society it is little wonder that the Northmen should reverence, nay even make a fetish of their weapons, and many are the tales of magic weapons we read of treasured as sacred heirlooms in a family. Such was the great Spearhead, wrought with runes, fashioned out of Kol's wondrous sword, that not only served Gisli all his outlaw life, but

which we read of two hundred and fifty years afterwards in the *Sturlunga Saga*, as being wielded deftly and well by *Sturla Sigvatson*. The huge axe of *Skarpheddin*, *Njal's* tall son, was well christened the ogress of war, and *Gunnar* had a magic bill wrought with seething spells, in which something sang loudly, when it was about to slay a man.

Superstition played a large part in the life of the characters of the Sagas, but the fruitful points of investigation that suggest themselves are too numerous to be prosecuted here. It is common for the man who is "fey" to see his own fetish, or dream symbolically of his own death. The two dream wives of *Gisli* go with him for years, and he knows his end is near when the evil wife appears to him persistently. In *Gisli's* saga occurs the finest description of a Viking burial, when *Vestein* is laid in his warship, the vessel steadied amidships with a mighty stone, the *Hell-shoon* bound on his feet by the priest to carry him over the rough road that leads to *Valhalla*. They leave the *Sea-King* to his last sleep with the farewell formula, "I know naught of binding *Hell-shoon* on, if these loosen." There is also a loving touch of imagination about the story that no snow settled on the south side of *Thorgrim's* howe, because he was so dear to *Frey* the Sun god, that he would suffer nothing so cold to come between them.

The many other interesting questions raised and the aspects of life revealed by the Sagas, cannot be discussed here, but the completion of the present series will afford an easy and accessible means of prosecuting this most fascinating study of a literature which appeals so powerfully to us in its numberless relations with our own country and institutions. In many respects it takes rank with the best literature of the world, and it has been but neglected in the past. Its mythology is far less corrupt than that of Greek and Rome, and its characters are not less grand and noble. Take for example *Grettir the Strong*,—a man cast in the mould of a hero, a type of the unselfish, single-

hearted fate-defying hero, around whom the genius of the sagaman has thrown something of the tragic grandeur that marks the characters of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, the high strung human mind matched in unavailing conflict against the irresistible forces of divinity. It is a literature where real life is strikingly portrayed, where the characters are boldly yet deliberately drawn, where the thoughts and emotions of men and women glow fresh on every page. The passions of the Northmen were fierce and strong no doubt; they were revengeful and unrelenting, but these characteristics did not choke out the lowlier and lovelier emotions that are the crown and joy of every-day life. Witness the lifelong wedded bliss of *Njal* and *Berthora*. "I was given young to my husband," she says, as she refused the offer of his foes to allow her alone to escape from his burning homestead, "and then I promised to live and die with him." Consider *Auda's* devotion to *Gisli*, the hunted outlaw, the loves and woes of *Gudrun*, who loved most of all women in the world, or the passionate attachment of *Frithiof* and *Ingeborg*, and on the other hand, the tragedy of the wasted life of the *Gudrun* of the *Laxdaela*, who wailed out in her old age about the love of her girlhood, "The man I loved best, I treated worst." Or take their ideal of friendship, strong as iron, and as lasting as life, and look at the numberless concrete examples pictured in the Sagas, the loving brotherhood of *Vagn* the young stripling and *Bul* the Stout, the wrinkled old warrior, of *Njal* and *Gunnar*. "Bare is back without brother behind it," is a noble precept, which was one of the keynotes of the Northman's life. Truly the Sagas are well worthy of study, for they are permanent, powerful, and beautiful pieces of literature.

DAVID ANDERSON.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
THE NEW LEARNING.

At no other period than this were there so many people who wanted to

know about books without reading them. The demand, as usual, has created the supply. Little books on big books are the most popular books of all. Charles Lamb might have said that they were no books. But nobody reads Charles Lamb now. The "cultured" classes, as they love to call themselves in their delightful English, take their Lamb from Mr. Ainger or Mr. Birrell, and even Lamb himself did something to relieve the public from the tedium of perusing Shakespeare. The Greek and Roman classics have naturally not escaped the attention of the compiler. Greece (ancient Greece, I mean) is treated as the most favored nation. In Mr. Gosse's "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World," published by Mr. Heinemann, Greek literature comes first, like golf, if I remember rightly, in the Badminton Library. It has been entrusted to Professor Murray of Glasgow, who is nothing is not modern, and may be taken as a type of the new learning, within the reach of everybody and out of nobody's depth.

"Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" The old warning of the Hebrew prophet must occur to many of Professor Murray's readers. Mr. Murray's learning is great and his cleverness is undeniable. His book is sure to be widely read and to exercise a great influence upon his readers. It is, however, to be feared that his influence will not be altogether a wholesome one. For he is determined to be knowing and modern, or, as he would himself call it, up to date and in the swim. Before the masters of Greek literature and of all literature he stands with his hands in his pockets and his hat on the back of his head. He winks at them and laughs at them, and insinuates that he is up to all their dodges. He gives them his blessing and his patronage. He even compares them with Ibsen. In letters, as in life, it is a mistake to display ostentatious familiarity with the great. Mr. Murray's unappeasable jauntiness leads him to pass strange and crude judgments upon men and things. "Few people care for Pindar

now," says the professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. "Readers are wearied by the strange mixture of mules and the new moon and trainers and the *Æacide*." Pindar is difficult. He is more than difficult; he is obscure. The modern reader will be apt to take him in extracts or to taste him in anthologies. But he is one of the few poets who can without absurdity be called sublime, and there is more truth in the magnificent verses of Gray on the Theban Eagle than in all the slapdash criticism of Mr. Murray. "A love for episodes and anecdotes is Herodotus's chief weakness." Surely it is his chief charm. But the father of history, as Cicero called him, and the first of lyric poets are not Mr. Murray's only victims. They are in good company, though they cannot be in better company than their own. The "Electra" of Sophocles is admitted to be "brilliant." But we are told that it is "typically uncharming," and we are invited to ask why it is so. I respectfully decline the invitation. *Tō ōu* comes before *τὸ δάμναι*. Let us be sure of the fact before we inquire into the reason, lest we present such a spectacle as Doctor Johnson and Hannah More presented in their day, when, as Rossetti says, they deliberately sat down before the outspread sonnets of Milton to ascertain for him why they were so bad. Aristophanes "seems to have deserved his success." He does indeed. But Aristophanes seems to puzzle the learned professor not a little. For on the same page we read that "only his own age could really stand" him, and that "at the present day he seems to share with Homer and Æschylus and Theocritus the power of appealing directly to the interest and sympathy of almost every reader." Is this sound criticism? Is it criticism at all? Plato is labelled by Mr. Murray as "a facile and witty writer." The system of Aristotle is described in a strange jargon as "rather 'cocksure' and *arrêté*." Mr. Murray's English is far from pure. "Styllet" is one of his favorite words; "cultured" is another. But the prime favorite of all is "certain." Everything with him is

certain, especially what is shadowy, intangible, and hard to define.

These, however, are small blemishes, which could easily be removed. Mr. Murray has treated his subject with much ability, and the Homeric question in particular he handles with exhaustive thoroughness. There is a great deal in his book for which humble and unlearned students like myself can only express their sincere gratitude. But there are some points of taste and judgment which require no very profound learning to solve. One may be quite unable to correct Mr. Murray in his treatment of Atticisms and Æolisms; one may have the vaguest idea of what Orphism was; one may lose oneself readily in epic "cycles," and yet have some idea of the spirit in which Greek literature should be approached. The Greek intellect had not arrived at the modern and advanced conception that everything is a vulgar joke. The most boisterous and audacious humorist of antiquity could be serious when he pleased, and wrote choruses unsurpassed for their melodious beauty. Compared with the "*Lysistrata*" and the "*Thesmophoriazusæ*" the fun of Rabelais is almost timid, and his jests are almost decent. But Aristophanes was a patriot, and, according to the standard of his time, a gentleman. Where the interests of his country were concerned he could be grave enough. That is one of the reasons why his humor tells. For it may be taken as an indisputable fact, which human experience has amply proved, that habitual levity and flippancy are fatal to true humor. Plato was in some respects a more exquisite humorist than Aristophanes himself, and Plato was penetrated with an abiding sense of the profound significance of life. It has been so with the greatest humorists of all ages. It was so with Shakespeare, with Cervantes, with Molière, with Swift, with Carlyle. And if it seems not to have been so with Rabelais or Sterne, that is only because the form of their language conceals rather than discloses the substance of their thought. Humor implies reverence. Reverence is the cor-

relative of humor. It is the tremendous, sometimes the awful contrast of the great and the trivial in human life which, as in the words of the dying Mercutio, shows the tragedy of comedy and the comedy of tragedy. Shakespeare is the consummate and unrivalled example of supreme dominion over the springs of mirth and the springs of sorrow. He is the fulfilment of the wonderful prophecy with which the "*Banquet*" of Plato concludes. At the end of that marvellous dialogue, which by a happy instinct Shelley chose to translate, Socrates compels the only revellers who have kept their heads and their places. Aristophanes and Agathon, to admit that the qualities of the tragic and of the comic poet were essentially the same. To the Greek mind, governed by the technicalities of the stage, that was an enormous paradox. But it ought not to have been so. The Greeks, like the French, were a serious people. But, or rather and, their humor never slumbered. The alleged implety of Socrates consisted in submitting the popular religion to the test of ridicule. It would not stand the test, and Socrates was put to death. Voltaire made a similar attempt upon the current and conventional version of the Christian faith. But Voltaire, except when he attacked persecution, was only amusing himself. The wittiest of mankind, he was not in the proper sense of the term a humorist at all. To him the sublime was the ridiculous. He could see no difference. To the greatest of the Greeks, to Socrates and to Plato, mere wit was an abomination. It was playing with words, an amusement for children, a game in which grown-up people could not indulge without making themselves ridiculous. The irony of Socrates, so far as it was not mere self-deprecation assumed for a purpose, always has a serious element.

Perhaps it was inevitable that there should be a reaction against the old scholastic method of teaching the classics. The theory that "the ancients" were awful and mysterious beings, whose thoughts were not as our thoughts, who lived in the clouds, who

were unaffected by human sympathies and antipathies, would not bear examination. What is known may still be magnificent. But when admiration ceases to be mere wonder, it tends to become critical. One of the most delightful books in the world is Mure's great, though incomplete, work on the Literature of Greece. Mr. Mure was a perfect type of the man of learning and leisure, a born scholar, with a passionate love of letters, a grave and reverent student of antiquity. He held no brief. He had no case to make. He enjoyed eloquence because it was eloquent, and poetry because it was poetical. So did the scholars of the Renaissance, whose enthusiasm unhappily led them to the adoption of pagan morals. The absurd dispute which Swift burlesqued in "The Battle of the Books" is a typical instance of the way in which classic authors ought not to be treated. They were run against modern imitators. Plato was compared with Pascal by men who understood neither the "Republic" nor the "Provincial Letters." That particular form of nonsense is dead and buried. But nonsense is hydra-headed. There arose, more than a century later, the historian or pseudo-historian Mitford, who conceived the brilliant idea of propagating conservative principles by holding up the awful example of democratic Athens. He received a tremendous punishment from Thirlwall, and his identification of Sparta with the cause of order came to an untimely end. Thirlwall was too able a man and too profound a scholar to be satisfied with the achievement of a controversial purpose. His original object was to defend the Athenians. He succeeded in producing a "History of Greece" which is not so much read as it deserves to be, but which can never be read without admiration. By one of the most curious coincidences in literary annals, Mr. George Grote had been engaged at the same time upon the same task. Both these eminent men had a sincere respect for each other. Each declared that he would not willingly have entered into competition with the other. But they

belonged to different schools of thought, and the temper of their minds was dissimilar. Grote was a philosophical Radical. Thirlwall was a constitutional Whig. Grote was an enthusiastic advocate. Thirlwall was a dispassionate judge. Thirlwall, though his views on all subjects were broad, enlightened, and tolerant, was a Christian and a clergyman. To Grote all religions were the same. Mr. Grote was not a professional student, but a banker, a member of Parliament, and a man of the world. He was well acquainted with modern history and modern languages. He enriched his pages with many historical parallels, which are not the least useful part of his great work.

To Mr. Grote may, I think, be traced the method of dealing with classical authors which has culminated in the jaunty jargon of Mr. Murray. Temple and Boyle and the other combatants in "The Battle of the Books" were unlearned and incompetent. They made themselves a laughing-stock because they did not know what they were talking about. Grote's information and research are beyond criticism and above praise. His twelve volumes are a monument of patient industry and of vast knowledge. But he was by nature an iconoclast. He could not bear to see Thucydides and Plato put upon a superhuman pedestal. He determined to bring them down. Thucydides had, perhaps still has, a reputation for impartiality. Grote endeavored to destroy it. He accused him of injustice to Cleon, of resentment against the State which had banished him, of aristocratic prejudice against democracy. Most of the letters ascribed to Plato have been condemned by critics as spurious. The external evidence against most of them is all but conclusive, and they are also in themselves unworthy of Plato. For this very reason Grote set himself to prove that they were genuine. He was an Aristotelian and a Utilitarian. He could not away with the notion that Plato was superior to the ordinary failings of mankind. It is a pity that Mr. Grote did not apply

some of his own scepticism to some of his own theories. He put more into his conclusions than his premisses really contained. We do not know whether Thucydides was justly banished, or indeed whether he was banished at all. His own words, the fewest possible, are consistent with a voluntary withdrawal from Athenian territory. The story that Cleon was his accuser, which Grote gravely accepts, rests upon no better authority than Marcellinus, who was born seven hundred years after Thucydides died. An historian either of Greek politics or of Greek literature is none the worse for a little judicious agnosticism. There are many things in Greek life and Greek thought which we do not know, and which we have not the means of knowing. We know "what song the Sirens sang" because it is in the Odyssey. We do not, with all respect for Mr. Murray, know that Thucydides resolved to supply the deficiencies of Herodotus.

No expression of personal resentment can be found in Thucydides. Three words—*συρίζημι καὶ ἀπογίνομαι*—describe his sentence or his determination. If he had a grievance he is silent on the subject. He does not even say that he had one. Thucydides is not a universal favorite. Mr. Grote thought that he did not appreciate the merits of the Athenian Constitution. He is not quite good enough for Professor Mahaffy. Professor Murray is very hard on him indeed. He condemns his "verbal flourishes which seem to have little thought behind them." These verbal flourishes, intended to conceal the absence of thought, are endowed with remarkable vitality. When Macaulay had finished the first two volumes of his history, he read Thucydides again. He read it, as he tells us, with envy and despair: "The rest one may hope to rival—him never." Mr. Murray is not so easily taken in. Thucydides cannot impose upon an intellect like his with "an artificial semi-Ionic dialect, overladen with antitheses. Thucydides, it seems, was "fond of distinguishing between synonyms," and "always inverting the order of his words."

His style is "an absolute hodge-podge of ungrammatical and unnatural language. One cannot help being reminded of the famous note on the "Agamemnon" in which the commentator sternly remarked that Æschylus had violated Dawes's Canon. Thucydides had not a Greek grammar before him. He was probably under the impression that he knew Greek. To defend him, or his text, against attacks of this sort, would be absurd. How does Mr. Murray account for the imperishable influence upon the literary world of a man who could not write? It is idle to talk about a corrupt text. The corrupt text is all that Macaulay had, all that Gray had, all that the admirers of Thucydides have had since the revival of letters. By what standard is Thucydides to be tried? He is less simple than Herodotus. He is less melodious than Plato. But what is Greek grammar if he did not write it? Is Thucydides to stand before the judgment seat of Doctor Donaldson? He was one of the makers of Greek prose, as he was one of the leaders of Greek thought. If his sentences are ungrammatical and his flourishes unmeaning, the real Thucydides must have irrecoverably perished.

Mr. Murray would appreciate Herodotus better if he shared the exquisitely delicate sense of humor which gives the Father of History his peculiar charm. "The dreams that came to lure Xerxes to his ruin require," says the professor, "more personal affidavits to substantiate them." To a man who can write like that, Herodotus must be as a picture to the blind, or a concert to the deaf. Perhaps the modern author who most resembles Herodotus is Montaigne. One need not dwell on the differences of subject and treatment. The mental attitude is very much the same. Both have the speculative temper, the easy epicurean contentment with half beliefs and no beliefs, the keen enjoyment of life, the unflagging interest in human nature, the scepticism which never runs into dogmatism, the habit of ironical deference to established creeds. * It is improbable that

Christianity would have left Herodotus so entirely unaffected as it left Montaigne. He would have wanted to know more about it. His intellect was never confronted with a faith which any intellect worthy of the name could accept. How far the humor of Herodotus was conscious, how far the reader upon whom he really takes hold imputes to him what he did not mean, is a fascinating but an insoluble question. There is, for instance, the case of the man who anchored himself at the battle of Plataea, for fear he should run away. Herodotus tells the story with his inimitable gravity, and then provides a rationalistic explanation worthy of Euhemerus himself. It has, he says, been suggested that the myth arose from the man having an anchor embossed upon his shield. Is Herodotus laughing at his readers? Does he mean them to laugh with him? Is he half serious after all? What of Zalmoxis, who practised immortality in Thrace, and was last seen in a baker's shop? He was a wonderful person. He had less superficial habits (*ἥθη βαθέρεα*) than the Thracians among whom he lived, having been in Greece, and, as was alleged, the slave of Pythagoras. Herodotus raises chronological difficulties, and expresses the opinion that Zalmoxis lived before Pythagoras's time. But he describes with all seriousness how Zalmoxis prepared himself a retreat below ground, to which he periodically retired, telling the Thracians he was about to die, and remaining there by the space of three years, after which he reappeared, and declared that he had come to life again. By these means he induced the Thracians to believe whatever he told them, and it cannot be said that he did not earn his reputation by hard work. Herodotus says that he neither disbelieves this tale nor believes it very strongly. It belongs, I suppose, to what the New Learning would call Borderland. But whether Zalmoxis was a man or a demigod who came to sojourn among the Getans, Herodotus bids him a ceremonious farewell. Now here I have no doubt. Whatever the New

Learning may say, I for one am firmly convinced that Herodotus inserted this passage, and embellished it with his delicious drollery, for the purpose of amusing his readers and himself. Even Mr. Murray has a suspicion that Hippocleides, who stood upon his head, and made motions with his feet as if they had been his hands (*ταῖς ἀκλείαις ἐχειροπόησεν*), was a comic character. That is a new form of humor which even the New Learning can appreciate. What about Cleisthenes of Sicyon and the tribes to whom he gave opprobrious names? The tribes meekly bore them for sixty years. Then they discussed the matter among themselves, and changed their names. Did Herodotus believe that? Was he testing the human credulity? Or was he merely indulging in human fun?

The dry bones of Herodotus, which is all that the New Learning would leave us, have their value. The Persian war was an epoch in the history of the world, and the "grand gross figure" of Xerxes looms large even now in the annals of mankind. But Herodotus is a great deal more, and a great deal less, than an authority for facts. His second book, his digression or disquisition on Egypt, is one of the most remarkable chapters in Greek literature. Apart from the beauty of the style, which has never been surpassed, and the quaintness of the humor, which has never been successfully imitated, the geographical knowledge and the scientific spirit are quite astonishing. Herodotus speculates like a modern geologist on what the Nile might have done in ten thousand years, or might do in ten thousand years more. His description of the Delta as the gift of the river is immortal. Of one ingenious theorist who accounted by an elaborate and unverifiable hypothesis for the rise of the Nile, Herodotus says that having carried the tale into the unknown he could not be refuted. Charles Austin may not have been aware that he was amplifying Herodotus when he called the plurality of worlds an excellent subject for a theological dispute, inasmuch as there was not a particle of evidence on

one side or the other. Herodotus, like Montaigne, loved the truth and always tried to find it when he thought it could be found. Everybody knows that the "vellification of Athos," the canal cut through the mountain by Xerxes for his ships, was selected by Juvenal as a typical instance of Greek mendacity. If Juvenal had gone to the spot, he would have seen that Herodotus was right. To the New Learning Herodotus is credulous and superstitious. The New Learning would probably regard Montaigne's assertion that he believed no miracles except religious ones as a sincere profession of faith in the wonders of the Church. Herodotus, like Montaigne, had his reasons for not speaking out. It was not always safe in the fifth century before, or the sixteenth century after Christ, to deny conventional beliefs. There was not much real credulity in Herodotus, but he sometimes wrote with his tongue in his cheek. He was a master of irony, and to the New Learning, which finds its humor in slang, irony is a perpetual puzzle. So far as he had any religious belief at all, and unless Nemesis be a religion, Herodotus was a pantheist. Pantheism of his vague sort may, perhaps, be defined as an idea that God is everywhere, but that there is not much of Him anywhere. Nemesis in some form or other seems to have been implanted by Nature in the breast of every man. That "pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," is not peculiar to Solomon. It is the wisdom of all the ages. Xerxes was a colossal example. But the superstition, if it be a superstition, is universal, and the rural villager who will not admit that he is perfectly well, pays his unconscious tribute to the power of Nemesis.

The New Learning is not to be dazzled by "Plato, son of Ariston, from Kollytus." I have already recorded Mr. Murray's generous admission that Plato was "a facile and witty writer." Aristotle would, on the same computation, be fairly well informed. Mr. Murray gives Plato a hearty slap on the back and introduces him to the public in his

most jocular manner. "He despised the masses, and was not going [*sic*] to flatter them." I wonder Mr. Murray did not say that he was not taking any. Plato, it seems, was under the influence of the Old Oligarch. The Old Oligarch is, I should explain, Mr. Murray's great joke. It is his humorous way of stating his opinion that the treatise on the Athenian Constitution attributed to Xenophon is spurious, as it probably is. He always calls the author the Old Oligarch, and the reader, whether he sees the joke or not, is evidently expected to laugh. "Plato amused his friends with a new kind of literature, the mime." I confess that when I first read this choice sentence I thought the professor must be confounding Plato Philosophus with Plato Comicus. But no, Mr. Murray is only a facile and witty writer. He must have his jest. The "Phædo," it seems, is a mime. To the New Learning the study of Plato is a simple enough matter. It is like the turning of an oyster shell. That witty and facile mime the "Phædo" explains Plato's attitude of mind. He was an aristocrat who despised the masses, and whom the death of his master permanently embittered against the rabble. There was nothing particularly remarkable about him except his wit and his facility. Now there are two kinds of facility, and Mr. Murray would do well to distinguish between them. There is easy writing and there is easy reading, but one does not necessarily imply the other.

"The spirit of illusion which he had pitchforked out of his writings had returned with a vengeance into his life." Such are the elegant and dignified terms in which the professor of Greek at the University of Glasgow refers to the illustrious Greek sovereign of human language and human thought, the master of the "master of them that know." Nothing is sacred to the New Learning. Not eloquence, for it has a trick worth two of that. What is eloquence to slang? Not truth, for nothing is true, and novelty is your only wear. The "Symposium" and the "Phædrus" have, it seems, a "certain glamour"

which even the New Learning has to recognize and cannot explain away. "Aristotle and the rest of us," as Mr. Murray modestly says, "who are not in peril from our excess of imagination," may make allowance for Plato. Aristotle did nothing of the sort. Aristotle, as Mr. Murray observes in a more chastened mood, built Plato an altar and a shrine. It was reserved for the New Learning to show what smartness and lack of humor can do to put genius on a level with "the rest of us." Happily it is not much. Every man, it used to be said, is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian. The New Learning is eclectic, and "paddles its own canoe." They are "not going," these brisk pawky youths, to be dazzled by unfashionable superstitions and reputations out of date. The "ancients" are welcome to their patronage, but not to their reverence, and still less to their appreciation. Perhaps the ancients may do without it. "Mr. Southey," said Porson, "is a remarkable poet. His works will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten." One of Plato's errors, we are told, he "perhaps" shared with Shakespeare. It was to hate his fellow men. This amazing piece of criticism is enough in itself to establish the fame of the New Learning. The old learning, the child of reverence and modesty, is not prone to dogmatize upon the opinions either of Plato or of Shakespeare. Real scholars are, to begin with, not quite sure that they know what the great dramatist's or the great philosopher's opinions were. Any one who desires to know the opinions of the New Learning can ascertain them without any trouble, and forget them without any loss. Where is he to look for Shakespeare's or for Plato's? Plato never wrote in his own name. The only one of his Dialogues in which Socrates does not take part is the "Laws." The only extant work of his not a dialogue is the "Apology" of Socrates. He was by far the greatest man who ever merged himself in the personality of another. We may compare the Socrates of Plato with the Socrates of Xenophon, and so

endeavor to distinguish what is Plato in Socrates from what is Socrates in Plato. But that is only arguing from one uncertainty to another, because we do not know how much of the "Memorabilia" is Socrates, and how much is Xenophon. But that Plato was not a misanthrope is one of the most absolutely certain things about him. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how such an idea can have survived the perusal, I will not say of the "Republic," but of the "Protagoras" or the "Theaetetus," which are full of faithful portraits lovingly drawn. Why should a misanthrope draw an ideal state? Why should he give immortality and imperishable beauty to the lessons of the greatest moral teacher, with one exception, that the world has ever seen? "If you were to persuade all men, Socrates, says Theaetetus, 'of what you say, as you persuade me, there would be more peace and less evil in the world.' Such was the effect of the teaching which this misanthrope desired to perpetuate.

Professor Murray takes it upon himself to say that the Platonic "Apology" of Socrates is, "in fact, neither a speech for a real court, nor an answer to a legal accusation, but a glorification of a great man's whole character in the face of later Athenian rumors." For this crude statement Mr. Murray gives no grounds whatever. The antithesis is an obviously false one. There is no reason why a speech for a real court should not also be a glorification of a great man's whole character. Indeed it must have been so in the case of Socrates because his whole character was at stake. The speech is in the regular form, and when it appeared there must have been many men living who had heard it. Plato could not have attributed it to Socrates if Socrates had never said anything of the kind. Mr. Grote treats it as perfectly authentic, and argues with much force that the tone of it made conviction inevitable. The execution of Socrates was not an unmixed calamity, like the exile of Dante, the blindness of Milton, the deafness of Beethoven, the death of

Kents. His career was over. His work was done. He had no desire for a longer life. His trial enabled him to sum up and to hand down a defence which was not meant so much for the jury, whom it almost equally divided, as for his disciples, for his countrymen, for future ages, for countless generations of seekers after philosophic truth. "But it is now time for us to depart. I am to die; you are to live. Whether you or I are going the better road is unknown to every one, except to God." It will require a greater man than Professor Murray to take these words out of the mouth of Socrates.

The New Learning mumbles the dry bones of Plato or of Herodotus. The spirit and the essence, the humor and the poetry, the mastery of character and of life, are beyond its grasp, and apparently remote from its interest. It has no reverence, because it has no insight. It seeks to banish wonder from philosophy, mystery from nature, and imagination from man. The spectator of all time and of all existence, the Platonic Socrates or the Socratic Plato, "the soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come," is to be labelled like a geological specimen and ticketed like a dead beetle. The result is naught. The analytical treatment of what defies analysis is, as the Greeks would have said, milking a he-goat or boiling a stone. To deal with Plato as you would deal with Ricardo, to cut him up into problems and sections, is a very poor substitute for healthy physical exercise. It is like searching for Christ in creeds and formulas. The search is futile. He is not there. Better leave Plato alone altogether. Better say, though it is not true, that his metaphysics are obsolete, that his language is dead, that, as John Bright thought, Mr. Jowett wasted his time in producing such good translations of so inferior an author. Then at least you will not have to account for the fact that among the "gentlemen of the intellect" all over the world, the style, and the ideas, and the scenes and the personages of those immortal Dialogues are as clear, and as vivid, and as

fascinating, and as new, as when Plato went "where Orpheus and where Homer are." All this the New Learning cannot understand because it breathes an Ibsene atmosphere, because it cannot see that there is nothing real except the ideal.

Of Theocritus Professor Murray is pleased to say that "most people are conscious of a certain delighted surprise when they first make his acquaintance." That in the style of the New Learning certain means uncertain, we have already seen. But as "most people," or at least most schoolboys, read the "Eclogues" of Virgil before they read the "Idylls" of Theocritus, they feel about as much surprised when they come to the Greek original from which Virgil copied, as an educated traveller feels when he finds Rome built on seven hills, or Venice intersected by canals. If one were to select from all literature a typical writer of pure poetry, of poetry which does not preach, nor philosophize, nor reflect, nor exhort, but simply tells in perfect verse the old unchangeable stories of love and laughter, of tears and death, Theocritus is perhaps the best choice that could be made. He had no mission, no lesson, no moral. Except a little praise of his renowned friend Hiero, which is neither forced nor fulsome, he wrote to please himself, and he survives to delight the world. He is, as Mr. Murray does not fail to point out, the pattern of all pastoral poetry, and yet only ten of the thirty-two Idylls are strictly pastoral. He is the poet of love and of life. He is the poet also of death in the pagan sense, of the utter destruction which it meant to him. It must also be sorrowfully confessed that he condescended to dally with perverted sentiments upon which the final judgment of civilized Christendom has been delivered in the first chapter of the Romans. But the intensity of feminine passion has never been more powerfully expressed than in the Second Idyll, where Simætha endeavors by incantations to win back the love of Delphis. After the concentrated vehemence of Simætha the laments of Dido in Virgil

and of Ariadne in Ovid seem cold and tame. In another and gentler shape, but with equal perfection of outward form and inward grace, is the lover's address to his mistress. "I ask not for the land of Pelops, nor for talents of gold. But under this rock will I sing, holding you in my arms, looking at the flocks feeding together towards the Sicilian sea." With Theocritus the poetry of Greece may be said to have ripened slowly to decay. His imitators Bion and Moschus wrote much that is beautiful, and Moschus in particular is the author of the exquisite verses from which Wordsworth borrowed, in one of his noblest poems, the After-Thought to the Sonnets on the Duddon:—

Still glides the stream, and must forever
glide,
The form remains, the function never
dies,
While we the brave, the mighty, and the
wise,
We men who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish. Be it so.
Enough if something from our hands
have power
To live, and act, and serve the future
hour:
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, and faith's
transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we
know.

"We the brave, the mighty, and the
wise," is the

*ἄμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι, καὶ καρτεροί,
ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες*

of Moschus. After that Greek literature, save for the so-called epigrammatists of the later Anthology, practically ceases. It is a mere fragment. We cannot tell what we have lost, except, as in the case of Menander, where the Romans have more or less successfully reproduced it. But we know that from the seed of that fragment, still as fertile as the corn preserved for thousands of years in an Egyptian mummy, have sprung the choicest flowers of modern poetry. There is nothing new to be said about Greek literature. It is some time since

the classics ceased to stand in need of advertisement. It is better to read them, even in translations, than to read about them. Fortunately they cannot be injured by irreverent handling and misplaced patronage.

HERBERT PAUL.

From Temple Bar.
A ST. JAMES'S HALL HALO.

As the Musician ascended the platform, he was greeted with a whirlwind of applause, followed by a deep and breathless silence. He bowed with gentle self-possession, and seated himself at the open instrument, from whose rigid and fantastic body he was to skillfully entice a sweet, mysterious soul, that spoke in harmony to many a discordant heart.

But, ere the first notes were struck, there came out of the expectant silence another little burst of applause, absurdly out of place and disconcerting. The Musician knew so well whence it proceeded, that he did not lift his eyes from the piano, but, with a slight frown, commenced the dreamy theme, and soon lost himself in its rippling variations, while his audience listened, rapt and spell-bound, to the magic of his touch.

As the liquid notes died away, there was a momentary pause, followed by a deafening crash of applause, during which a magnificent floral lyre was handed up to him. He accepted it, smiling and bowing, but inwardly disapproving of the ostentatious appreciation, that, in this case, placed him under an obligation he hated to feel.

During the interval that came presently, he stood in the little artists' room—the centre of an admiring crowd of critics and friends—modestly receiving congratulations, and patiently answering innumerable questions. Ah! there she was, the inevitable Enthusiast, who had haunted him since his first appearance, pestering him with flowers and compliments, and gazing at him, with the intense gaze of a hero-wor-

shipper, from a front seat at every recital.

She pressed forward, and held out a well-gloved hand, saying, with a pathetic smile: "I hardly dare hope that you remember me, but may I add my congratulations to the rest?"

She was fair and rather faded, and the picturesque style of dress that she adopted, with its loose cloak and shapeless hat, did not become her. He had met her at some crowded At Home, where she had fought for, and obtained, an introduction, which, she evidently considered, gave her the right of speaking to him on every available occasion, and hanging about the artists' rooms to catch him. She followed the busy Musician from place to place, taking the score, which she seldom used, being in the habit of fixing her eyes on his face, with an ecstatic expression, while he played: in fact, she did her utmost to show him that in her he had found a kindred soul—the only one of that vast assembly who understood and interpreted with him the mysterious din and wave of melody, the emotion of some master-mind.

He accepted her fulsome flatteries as gracefully as possible, thanked her for the flowers, and was about to move away, hoping to escape her inevitable discourse on the various merits of well-known composers, in which, while seeking to impress him with her borrowed knowledge, she only displayed her ignorance; when she laid her hand on his arm, and looked up beseechingly:—

"I am going to ask a great favor of you."

His thoughts immediately flew to the autograph craze, of which he was an impatient victim. He replied, courteously:—

"Madam, if I can be of any service to you—"

"Will you honor me with a visit to-morrow?" she asked anxiously, still pressing his arm in a confidential manner. "I shall be at home only to *you*, and we will have a long talk about our art. I too worship Wagner, and this in itself is a link between us, is it not?" The sweet smile that accompanied this

question was quite lost on the Musician, who, with wrinkled forehead, was looking towards the door for a summons to the platform—it was clear she could not be got rid of till then.

And his unconscious admirer still smiled and chattered. . . .

At the end of the last piece—a nocturne of Chopin's, breathing of whispered conversation, soft laughter, and the hum of a crowded salon—he was recalled three times. The steady thump, thump of a well-known umbrella, sounding loudly above the rhythmic clap of gloved hands, jarred horribly on his strained nerves. It was intended to attract his grateful attention, but only reminded him of a half-promise given on the spur of the moment, in his anxiety to be quit of an irritating presence, and his expression was anything but amiable as he withdrew from the friendly gaze of a moving, clamoring crowd. This persecution was becoming intolerable; it distracted him so, that he fancied it affected his playing—he could not do himself justice under the fixity of that ardent gaze—that constant striving to catch his eye. It must be stopped—but how? As he was about to leave the Hall he caught sight of the indefatigable Enthusiast, struggling to reach him—and fled precipitately, hailing a hansom on the way.

Later, a good dinner and comfortable easy-chair helped to disperse the harassed feeling that had clouded an otherwise successful afternoon.

Enveloped in a fragrant mist of smoke, the Musician was able to pursue an undisturbed train of thought, and, by and by, coming from divine harmonies and undeveloped sound fancies to more tangible, mundane reflections, he began to feel amused at the persistent way in which he had been followed and tormented by the Enthusiast, and came to the conclusion that she was not so much a music as a *musician* worshipper.

Toying reflectively with the card she had given him, and which he had just found in his pocket, he was fired with an idea.

"There is only one thing to be done," he said to himself, suddenly sitting upright in his chair. "And I'll do it."

About four o'clock the next afternoon, the Enthusiast, attired in a trailing picture gown, roamed about her drawing-room, putting finishing touches here and there.

It was a pretty room, with plenty of nicknacks, and gay satin cushions scattered about in cosy corners. The grand piano was open; bright flowers bloomed everywhere.

The walls were covered with portraits of celebrated composers, and near the window stood a large easel on which rested the Musician's portrait—evidently enlarged from the ordinary photographs sold in the West-end. As she arranged the delicate silken drapery on the easel, her eye dwelt tenderly on the clear-cut, stern features, and intelligent, all-seeing expression of that well-known face.

"What an ethereal look it is!" she murmured, "as if he were gazing beyond our pitiful little world. I alone understand him, and hear the pleading of his music—does he know it? Oh! he *must*, or why should he be coming? that is, if he really mean to come."

A horrible fear assailed her as she looked at the ornamental clock, which had galloped madly on and stopped, after the manner of drawing-room clocks.

Ten minutes later, the Musician found her sitting at the piano, in the rapt attitude of a St. Cecilia. She rose, and glided across the room with outstretched hands.

"How good of you to come!" she said, with a welcoming clasp, but, on raising her eyes to his with a pathetically sweet expression, she noticed something strange and incongruous about his attire—it was his necktie, of bright blue, ornamented with a flagrant design of horse-shoes. She caught herself looking at it again and again with a kind of shock, but finally excused it as an eccentricity of genius (the name usually

given to the peccadilloes of great men).

Glancing carelessly round the room, as she led him to a seat, he noted his own portrait, and determined to go on with the rôle he was playing, difficult as he expected to find it.

"Don't you feel very exhausted from yesterday's excitement?" she began, in her plaintive voice. "When I think of the emotion—the intense feeling you put in your playing, I wonder how you can come back to every-day life, with all its littleness, after having been so near heaven."

"Oh, it makes one awfully hungry," he answered, assuming a confidential manner. "I enjoy my dinner later on, though—nothing like eating after hard work."

"I looked for you at the Opera last night," she went on, secretly disappointed at his reply; "but, as you were not there, I supposed you were too fatigued."

"Last night?" he queried; "why, let me see—I was at the Tivoli last night. What was out at the Opera—anything new?"

Anything new! when every one was talking of the latest representation of Lohengrin. He knew the *prima donna* well, and had been the first to congratulate her on her success some days ago.

"It was my favorite—Lohengrin," answered the Enthusiast, sadly. "I certainly thought you would be there."

"Well, I really don't care for opera," he said, inwardly hoping to be forgiven. "I prefer something lighter, when I go out to be amused."

"But I always thought you were quite a Wagnerian," she said, trying to keep the disappointment out of her voice, "else how could you interpret his masterpieces so wonderfully?"

"Oh! that's entirely a matter of business," he answered, drily. "Wagner pays better than anything else just now, so why not Wagner? Besides, people expect you to understand that sort of thing—it saves them the trouble."

"Then the beauty of your art is noth-

ing to you—you do not *feel* what you are playing?"

"My dear madam, my piano is simply an investment, and I am pleased with my success from a monetary point of view. For the rest—" He shrugged his shoulders.

The Enthusiast rose, without a word, and took up a daintily-bound book—it contained the Musician's compositions. She had to look through them to assure herself that she was not dreaming; then, determined to make an attempt to reinstate her fallen idol—"I have often wondered," she said, pointing to his favorite creation, "of what you were thinking when you composed this." He nerved himself for the reply.

"Pastorale?"—Yes, I remember that day quite well. I was in a very bad temper—in fact, I had an attack of liver complaint. My doctor told me that I had been living too well; he made me knock off wine and game and other things of which I am particularly fond—*pâté de foie gras*, for instance."

"But what inspired the delightful verdant coloring of the 'Pastorale'? What meadow picture haunted you when you wrote?" she asked, noticing with a pang that he seemed most interested when talking about food.

"Do you really wish to know?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, then, I was dining at the Savoy, and—and it was the mutton cutlets."

"Mutton cutlets!" she echoed, with uplifted hands.

"Yes," he answered, trembling with suppressed laughter. "They reminded me of innocent sheep, gambolling in the fields, little knowing how soon they were to be converted into cutlets."

She closed the book abruptly and laid it down. He rose, and walked over to the piano to hide his amusement, saying:—

"Ah! I see you have a Holzberg."

"Yes," she answered, coldly; "you always play on Holzberg's instruments, don't you?"

"Well," he said, smiling, "I *really* pre-

fer Gerard's, but I have made a very profitable agreement with Holzberg—my playing on their piano is a splendid advertisement for them, as theirs is a comparatively new firm."

She writhed at this remark, remembering that she had sacrificed her Gerard to get a Holzberg in humble imitation of her hero.

But when, having dispensed tea in little fragile cups (he took his, standing near the piano), she languidly leant back on a divan covered with Oriental draperies, and saw him draw the music stool towards him, she closed her eyes, and prepared to forget, aye, forgive, his shortcomings, in joyful anticipation of the divine strains he could so tranquilly call forth; for, although she had not that higher understanding of music which is a gift, she loved his genius, and was longing to tell how *the great man* had played to her alone, and in her own drawing-room.

But the Musician was preparing the last act of the tragedy, albeit a horrible, guilty feeling stole over him at its completion. He let his fingers wander over the keys, hinting a dreamy prelude, and then broke into a strident, topical song, beloved of errand-boys and organ-grinders—a thing that haunted one everywhere; it was so bad that he had not the heart to finish it, conscious of having gone far enough in his work of disenchantment.

When he rose from the piano and said he must be going, she did not attempt to detain him, but limply bade him good-bye. As soon as he had departed, she took his portrait off the easel, and laid it between the leaves of the "Pastorale," with a deep sigh.

Two days later, the haloless Musician ascended the platform and was greeted, as usual, with enthusiastic applause. He glanced quickly along the front row—his fair admirer was not there—he received no floral offering that day.

And even the critics agreed that he had simply surpassed himself.

HILDA NEWMAN.

From The Spectator.

THEORIES ABOUT SLEEP.

There is a most interesting study of the phenomena of sleep contained in the latest volume of the "Contemporary Science Series," written by Madame Marie de Manacéine, of St. Petersburg ("Sleep: Its Physiology, Pathology, Hygiene, and Psychology." London: Walter Scott). We suppose it is an unhappy sign that such a work should be needed, for it means that the analysis of our own misery is interesting to many readers. Just as we wake from innocence to a knowledge of good and evil, and then probe our moral nature to discover a balm for the wound evil has made, so we fall from health, with its normal and refreshing sleep, to a condition of nervous disorder and lack of sleep, and we then take note of our symptoms with a view to discover how we may regain the lost paradise. The author, perhaps, scarcely recognizes to what a degree the victim of insomnia is, in our modern cities, at the mercy of others. For while insomnia has many causes, it is always kept alive by noise, and in cities like London and Paris noise is always going on day and night. Neighbors, too, are frequently thoughtless, and so add to the almost inevitable street noises tortures of their own. To begin playing the piano at eleven o'clock in a semi-detached London house, with its thin walls, is really a refinement of cruelty compared with which the tortures of barbarians seem almost merciful. The persons who come home late rarely consider the just rights of those who go to bed early and who need that deep sleep which Madame de Manacéine declares generally sets in in the earlier part of the night. Cats, we suppose, *will* stray abroad at night and make music on the roof or on broken walls. But the keeper of noisy dogs who bay at the moon, and the piano-organist with his fiendish instrument and his exasperating patron who flings down coppers in response to the grinding of tunes, have much to answer for, and neither ought to be tolerated in a properly ordered society. We must rely, in fact, for a

better chance to the sleepless, in part at least, on the growth of a social feeling which will never willingly inflict misery on other people. Only by such a growth, reinforced by law where social feeling fails, can the crowded life of modern cities be made tolerable. No doubt people are adapting themselves in some degree to city life, or else they are dying out because they cannot so adapt themselves to a hated environment.

But, apart from the one great curse of city life with its injurious effect on delicate nervous organizations, there are other causes of sleeplessness within the control, to some degree, of the victim of insomnia. It was at one time supposed that in sleep the brain was richly charged with blood. How that supposition can ever have arisen we confess we do not understand, but we assume that the theory was that a kind of paralysis overtook those who were wrapped in sleep. This is now confessed to be an error. Sleep ensues when the brain is largely denuded of blood, when cerebral anæmia is established. To partly empty the brain of its blood-supply, to keep the head cool, the body sufficiently warm, and to send the blood rather to the lower extremities,—this is the physical problem of the sleepless. It is interesting to note that during sleep a great number of the bodily functions continue quite normally without interfering with sleep itself, and therefore sleep is not so like death as some of the poets have imagined. Man asleep is not so profoundly different from man awake; the two chief points of difference, however, being these: a greater indrawing of oxygen and exhalation of carbonic acid, and a complete vaso-motor rest. The bedroom and the state of the occupant (assuming the absence of external noise) are the chief factors in the problem. The sleeping-room should be airy and cool, never, for adult persons, reaching a higher temperature than sixty degrees, though young children need greater warmth. The head should never be under the sheets, but exposed and cool. The feet should be

kept warm by a little extra clothing at the foot. With a heavy sleeper there should be no thick curtains, but with a light sleeper curtains are essential, as sunlight plays upon the optic nerve and rouses that attention which it is the one object of the sleeper to keep in suspended animation. The bed should never be between fireplace and door or it catches the draughts, and it is more dangerous and more easy to contract a chill in bed than in the daytime, the specially chilly period being about three A.M. So far as the sleeper is concerned, what should be his condition? If he is a good sleeper he has no problem to consider, though Madame de Manacéine is of opinion that too much sleep is fully as bad as too little; and she gives hints to the very sleepy as to the way in which they may rouse themselves. She even defends angry feelings as being sometimes the only means by which a heavy, lethargic person can be aroused from his stertorous slumbers or prevented from falling asleep when he should be wide awake. We confess to having little sympathy with people who can sleep all day long, though doubtless, as the undergraduate said, they too are God's creatures. On the whole, immense lethargy is connected with a rather low intellectual development, often aided by foolish parents who allow their children to sleep longer than is good for them. As town life extends and intellect is aroused, the problem will be more and more that of too little, not of too much, sleep. Perfect, or nearly perfect, health is of course the first condition of sound sleep. But scarcely any one is quite healthy, and so we must aid the sleepless to acquire that which is lacking. The one great thing to do is to fatigue the attention; not only to tire out the body, but to fatigue the active mind, to quiet the vaso-motor centre and so drive the congested blood from the brain. Quiet and regular habits, a certain monotony of light evening occupation, will tend in this direction; while a great variety of evening engagements

is generally fatal to the victim of insomnia. It is unwise to go to bed on either an empty or a very full stomach; a slight meal before rest is the wise course. A hot bath the last thing, taken under the following conditions, is perhaps the very best aid to sleep: "As recommended by Eccles and others, the bath should be taken in a room with a temperature of 65° to 70° Fahr. The patient should stand with his head over the edge of the tub, douching head and face with water at 100°. The cooling of the body by the air and the hot sponging of the head first send blood to the brain, dilating its vessels. Then the entire body, except the head, is immersed in a bath at 98°, rapidly raised to 105° or 110°; in a few minutes the bath is left, and the body wrapped in blankets, which absorb the moisture, and with the least possible exertion the patient gets into his night clothes, and to bed, with a warm bottle to his feet, and perhaps a little warm liquid food." There is no better means than this for meeting the untold ills of insomnia, but the writer has also found the good old proverb of walking a mile after the last meal useful. It goes without saying that a late London dinner-party meets with absolute condemnation. On the other hand, we are glad to find the author very reasonable about sending children to bed very early and about early rising. Not a little harm has been done to mankind by forcing children to bed in broad daylight, and in routing people out of their warm beds to face the dank chill of an early winter morning. There is a mean between these applications of old "saws" and the case of a celebrated French mathematician who, in the latter years of his life, spent twenty hours in bed. The object of sleep is to restore nervous tissue; as much sleep as is needful for that purpose is both good and necessary, but more is purely mischievous. The problem, the difficult problem, of modern life is to secure enough.

